

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1890.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THERE were no inspectors to look after the workrooms of the dress-makers in these days, but perhaps also, at least with mistresses like Miss Jean, there was little need for them. If the young women in the workroom had sometimes to work for a part of the night it was only what at that time everybody was supposed to do in their own affairs or in their masters', when business was very urgent, or *throng* as was said in Scotland. The head of the house sat up too, there were little indulgences accorded, and when the vigil was not too much prolonged, there was a certain excitement about it which was not displeasing to the workwomen in the monotony of their calling. One of these indulgences was that something was now and then read aloud to them as they worked.

Miss Jean herself had ceased to do much in the ordinary conduct of business. She gave her advice (which the workwomen now considered of the old school and wanting in sympathy with advancing taste), and now and then suggested a combination which was approved. But on the whole she took a less and less active share in the work during the morning and evening hours in which she was not wanted in the showroom to receive the ladies who were her patronesses, or whom she

patronised (according to Kirsteen's new arrangements), with whom the younger partner had no desire to supplant her. And when Miss Jean resigned the needle and even the scissors, and no longer felt it necessary to superintend a fitting-on, or invent a head-dress, she developed another faculty which was of the greatest use especially at moments of great pressure. She read aloud. I will not assert that she had any of the arts of the elocutionist, which were much esteemed in those days; but in a straightforward, plain way, with her Scotch accent, to which of course all the young women were accustomed, her reading was very distinct and satisfactory.

She read in the first instance stories out of *The Ladies' Museum* and kindred works, which were about as absurd as stories could be, but being continued from week to week, kept up a certain interest among the girls to know what happened to Ellen as an example of youthful indiscretion, or Emily as a victim of parental cruelty. What a jump it was when Miss Jean brought in with triumphant delight a book called *Waverley*; or, *'Tis Sixty Years Since*, I can scarcely venture to describe. No doubt the young women accustomed only to Ellen and Emily were a little confused by the new and great magician with whom they were thus suddenly brought face to face; but they were

greatly stirred by the Highland scenes and Fergus MacIvor's castle, and the beautiful Flora, for and against whom they immediately took sides, a certain party hoping against hope that she would finally marry the hero, while the other faction strongly supported the claims of Rose Bradwardine. The humours of the tale scarcely penetrated perhaps those unaccustomed bosoms, and nothing in it was so important to the imagination of the workwomen as this. Miss Jean finished the book one night when all were working very late, the night before a state ball. It was an unusually heavy night because of Lady Chatty, now an acknowledged beauty and leader of fashion, who had invented a new mode a day or two before; that is to say Kirsteen, who was entirely devoted to her beautiful friend, had produced an effect by the looping up of a train or the arrangement of a scarf which had dazzled all beholders, and had become at once the object of a rage of imitation such as sometimes occurs in the not uneventful annals of fashion. So many ladies had argued and implored, adjuring Miss Jean by all her gods, pointing out to her the urgent duty of not leaving a client or countrywoman in the shade; of not crushing the hopes of a young *débutante*, perhaps spoiling a great marriage or bringing about some other catastrophe, that the head of the establishment had been melted, and had indiscreetly consented to execute more orders than it was possible to do. Miss Jean had been very shy of meeting Kirsteen after, and had confessed her indiscretion almost with tears, but her young partner with no further remonstrance than a shake of her head had accepted the responsibility. To do something miraculous is always a pleasure in its way, and Kirsteen laid the circumstances before the young women, and inspired them with her own energy. She herself was up the whole night never flagging, while the others managed it by relays, snatching an hour or two of sleep, and returning to work again. They had a tea-drinking

at midnight, when the fine-flavoured tea which Miss Jean herself affected was served to the workwomen all round with dainty cakes and cates, and, highest solace of all, Miss Jean herself sat up and finished *Waverley*, at the risk of making a few needles rusty by the dropping here and there of furtive tears. The excitement about Flora MacIvor and the gentle Rose, and the keen disappointment of Flora's partisans who had all along hoped against hope that she would relent, kept drowsiness at bay. This was not the chief point of interest in the book perhaps, but these young women regarded it from that point of view.

I tell this chiefly as an illustration of the manner in which Miss Brown and Kirsteen managed their affairs. But as a matter of fact Miss Jean often read aloud when there was no such urgent call for it. She read the newspapers to the girls when there were any news of interest. She had read to them everything about Waterloo, and all the dispatches and the descriptions of the field, and anecdotes about the battle, as they came out bit by bit in the small square newspaper of eight pages, which was all that then represented the mighty *Times*. One of the young women lost a brother in that battle. This made the little community feel that all had something special to do with it, and brought tears into every eye, and justified them in shaking all their heads over the cost of blood by which the great victory had been achieved, even in the midst of their enjoyment of the illuminations and all the stir and quickened life of town at that great moment.

It was long after Waterloo, however, when the incident I am about to record occurred. Years had passed, and the newspapers were no longer so exciting as in those days of the peninsula, when a fight or a victory might be always looked for. War died out from among the items of news, and the long calm, which ended only after the Great Exhibition of 1851, had made, as people thought, an end of all possibility

of fighting, had begun; people had ceased to be afraid of the newspaper, and the tidings it might bring. It is true there was always fighting going on in India more or less, little battles now and then, skirmishes, expeditions of which the world did not know very much, but in which without any demonstration a few brave lives would end from time to time, and hearts break quietly at home, all to the increase and consideration of our great Indian territory, and the greatness of Great Britain in that empire upon which the sun never sets.

Some six years had passed from the time when Kirsteen came friendless to London knowing nobody but Marg'-ret's sister. She was now a power in her way, supreme in the house in Chapel Street, Mayfair, feared and courted by many people who had once been sufficiently haughty to Miss Jean. At twenty-six when a young woman has gone through many vicissitudes of actual life, when she has been forced into independence, and stood for herself against the world, she is as mature as if she were twenty years older, though in the still atmosphere of home twenty-six is very often not much more than sixteen. Kirsteen had become in some ways very mature. She had that habit of authority which was so well set forth long ago by the man who described himself as saying to one "Go," and he goeth, and to another "Come," and he cometh." She had but to speak and she was obeyed—partly from love, but partly also from fear; for Kirsteen was not the laird of Drumcarro's daughter for nothing, and she was very prompt in her measures, and quite indisposed to tolerate insubordination. And her young womanhood was so withdrawn from the usual thoughts and projects of her age that Kirsteen had put on something of the dignified manners of a person much older, although her fresh youthful colour, the milk-white brow and throat, the ruddy hair all curly with vigour and life, showed no premature fading, and her person, which was always

beautifully clothed and fitted to perfection, had improved in slenderness and grace. It was not that propositions of a sentimental kind had been wanting. Lord John (but his name always brought a blush of displeasure to Kirsteen's cheek) had done his best to find her at unguarded moments, to beguile her into talk, and to use all the covert arts which were still supposed to be part of the stock-in-trade of a young man of fashion to attain her interest if not her affection. What he intended perhaps the young man did not himself know, perhaps only to attain the triumph of persuading a young woman whom he admired to admire him. But Kirsteen considered that it was through his means alone that the difficulties of her position were really brought home to her, and the difference between a mantua-maker exercising her craft, and a young lady of family at home, made apparent. This was a mistake, for Lord John would have considered himself quite as free to attempt a flirtation with Drumcarro's daughter in Argyllshire as in London, and with as little intention of any serious result, the daughter of a poor laird, however high in descent, being as entirely below the level of the Duke's son as the mantua-maker. But it gave a keen edge to Kirsteen's scorn of him, that she would have believed he was ready to take advantage of her unprotected state.

Also there was Miss Jean's friend the doctor, who would very willingly have made a sensible matrimonial alliance with a young person getting on so very well in the world—while Miss Jean's nephew, he who had already calculated how many years it would take him to reach the elevation of Lord Mayor, worshipped in silence the divinity whom he durst no more approach than he durst propose for one of the princesses, knowing well that Miss Jean would bundle him indignantly out of doors at the merest whisper of such a presumption. But none of these things touched Kirsteen

nor would have done had they been much more attractive. "Will ye wait for me till I come back?" was the whisper which was always in her ears. And since the arrival of Robbie's letter there had come a certain solidity and reality to that visionary bond. A man who was so near on the verge of return that in a year or two, "in two-three years" he might be back, was almost as close as if he were coming to-morrow—for what is next year but a big to-morrow to the faithful soul? The only feeling that ever marred for a moment the anticipation in Kirsteen's mind was a fear that when he came he might be wounded a little by this mantua-making episode. It vexed her to think that this might be the case, and cast an occasional shadow upon her mind from which she was glad to escape as from the sight of a ghost. He might not like it—his mother, who was a proud woman, would not like it. Kirsteen did not if she could help it think of this possibility, yet it crossed her mind from time to time.

And in the meantime in those weary years the fortune that was for little Jeannie, and that which would make Ronald at ease even in his half-pay when he came back, was quietly growing. With such a business, the most fashionable in London, and customers praying almost on their knees to be put on the lists of Misses Brown and Kirsteen how could it do otherwise than grow.

Kirsteen was twenty-six, the season was at its climax, the workroom very *throng* when Miss Jean came in one morning with the newspaper in her hand. Her little air of satisfaction when there were news that would be interesting to read was very well known. Miss Smith touched Miss Robinson with her elbow saying, "Look at 'er," and Miss Robinson communicated to Miss Jones her conviction that there was something stirring in the paper. Miss Jean came in and took her seat at the lower end of the table with her back to the broad uncurtained

window by which all possible light was admitted. She liked to have the light falling well upon her paper. "Now, my dears," she said, "I am going to read something to you—it's very touching, it's an account of a battle."

"I thought all the battles were done," said the forewoman who ventured to speak on such occasions.

"Oh, yes, on the Continent, heaven be praised—but this is in India," said Miss Jean as if nobody could ever expect battles to be over there. Kirsteen was at the other end of the table arranging some of the work. She was working with the rapidity of an inventor, throwing a piece of stuff into wonderful folds and plaitings of which no one could say what the issue was to be. She knew herself what she intended; but even when one knows what one means to do, the hand of genius itself has sometimes a great deal of trouble before the meaning can be carried out. She glanced up for a moment at the name of India, but only for a moment; for indeed there was always fighting in India, yet nothing had happened to any of those she cared for during all these years.

Miss Jean read out the details of the fight in her steady voice. It had been intended for nothing more than a reconnaissance and it turned into a battle which might have very important and momentous results. She read about the swarms of a warlike tribe who had been engaged by the sepoys and a few British troops—and how well all had behaved—and how the enemy had been driven back and completely routed and dispersed and the authority of the Company established over a large region. "Now," said Miss Jean looking up over her spectacles, "this is the interesting bit."

The victory, however, was a costly one—the casualties among the officers were unusually great. Out of nine actually engaged no less than five brave fellows were left on the field dead or seriously wounded. One young officer of the greatest promise who had led his battalion through

a great deal of hot work, and who was down for immediate promotion, is among the number of the former. He was found lying struck through the heart by a native weapon. A curious and affecting incident is recorded of this unfortunate gentleman. After he had received his death stroke he must have found means of extracting a handkerchief from the breast of his uniform, and lay when found holding this to his lips. The handkerchief was extricated from his grasp with some difficulty and was sent home to his mother, who no doubt will cherish it as a most precious relic. It was slightly stained with the brave young fellow's blood.

Miss Jean's voice faltered as she read that the handkerchief had been sent to the young man's mother. "Poor leddy, poor leddy!" she said, "the Lord help her in her trouble." And little exclamations of pity and emotion rose from various voices—but suddenly they were all stilled. No one was aware how the consciousness first arose. By means of a communication swiftly and silently conveyed from one to another, the eyes of all were suddenly turned towards Kirsteen, who, with the light from the large window full upon her, sat surrounded by trails of the beautiful silk which she had been manipulating. She had looked up, her lips had dropped apart, her hands still holding the silk had fallen upon her lap. Her face was without a trace of colour, her bosom still as if she were no longer breathing. She looked like some one suddenly turned into marble, the warm tint of her hair exaggerating, if that were possible, the awful whiteness. They expected her every moment to fall down, like something inanimate in which no life was.

But she did not do this—and nobody dared interfere, partly from fear of this sudden catastrophe whatever it was, partly from fear of her. They all sat not venturing to move, looking at her, ready to spring to her assistance, not daring to take any step. After a moment, she drew a long breath, then with a little start as of awakening raised her hands and looked at them,

all enveloped as they were in the silk. "What—was I—doing?" she said. She moved her hands feebly, twisting the silk round them more and more, then tore it off and flung it from her on the floor. "I can't remember, what I was doing," she said.

"Oh, my dear," cried Miss Jean, coming towards her putting down the paper, "never mind what you were doing—come to your own room."

"Why should I come—to my own room? What's there?" A gleam of consciousness came over her colourless face. "It's not there!—it cannot be there!"

"Oh, my darling," cried Miss Jean, "come away with me—come away, where you can be quiet."

Kirsteen looked up in her face with quick anger and impatient sarcasm. "Why should I be quiet?" she said. "Have I nothing to do that I should be quiet? That's for idle folk. But read on, read on, Miss Jean. It's a bonnie story—and there will be more."

Miss Jean retired again to her seat, and all the workers bent over their work but not a needle moved. Kirsteen picked up the silk again. She tried to restore it to its form, plaiting and twisting with swift impatient movements now this way and now that. All the young women watched her furtively, not losing a movement she made. She twisted the silk about, trying apparently to recover her own intention, pulling it here and there with impatient twitches and murmurs of exasperation. Then she piled it all upon the table in a sort of rage, throwing it out of her hands. "Go on, go on with your paper," she cried to Miss Jean, and took up a half-made dress from the table at which she began to stitch hurriedly, looking up every moment to cry, "Go on, go on. Will ye go on?" At length Miss Jean exceedingly tremulous and miserable began to read again in a broken voice. Kirsteen stitched blindly for half-an-hour, then she rose suddenly and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

KIRSTEEN did not seclude herself for long. While the girls were still whispering to each other, not without some awe, of the sudden shock which she had evidently received, of her deathlike look, her struggle to maintain her composure, her rejection of all inquiries, she had returned among them, had taken up the silk again, and resumed what she was doing. There was scarcely a word said after Kirsteen came back. The young women all bent over their sewing, and their needles flew through their work. The presence among them of this one tragic face, perfectly colourless, self-commanded, silent, wrapped in an abstraction which nobody could penetrate, had the strangest impressive effect upon them. They did not dare to speak even to each other, but signed to each other for things they wanted, and worked like so many machines, fearing even to turn their eyes towards her. Miss Jean, quite unable to control herself after this mysterious blow which she had given without knowing, had retired to the parlour, where she sat alone and cried, she knew not why. Oh, if she had but held her tongue, if she had not been so ready to go and read the news to them! Kirsteen, so busy as she was, might never have seen it, might never have known. Miss Jean read the paragraph over and over again, till she could have repeated it by heart. She found lower down a list of the names of those who had been killed and wounded, but this brought no enlightenment to her, for she did not know Drumcarro, or the names of the neighbours near. She had to lay it away as an insoluble mystery, not able to comprehend how, from so few details as there were and without even hearing any name, Kirsteen should have at once been killed, as it were, by this mysterious blow. How did she know who he was, the poor gentleman who had died with the white handkerchief pressed to his dying lips? It was a

very touching incident, Miss Jean had herself thought. No doubt, she had said to herself, there was a story under it. She had shed a sudden, quickspringing tear over the poor young man on the field of battle, and then, in her desire to communicate the touching tale had hurried to the work-room without further thought—how, she asked herself, could she have known that it would hurt any one? What meaning was there in it that Kirsteen alone could know?

It was late when the workwomen, who lived out of doors, went away. They had gone through a long and tiring day, with no amusement of any sort, or reading or talk to brighten it. But somehow they had not felt it so—they all felt as if they had been acting their parts in a tragedy, as if the poor young officer on the Indian plains had held some relationship to themselves. The silence which nobody enjoined, which nature herself exacted from them, burst into a tumult of low-breathed talk the moment they left the house. They discussed her looks, the awful whiteness of her face, the shock of that sudden, unsoftened communication, without asking, as Miss Jean did, how she could have known. Miss Jean heard their voices, first low and awe-stricken, rising in eagerness and loudness as they got further from the house. But it was not till some time later that Kirsteen came in. She had been at work in a violent, absorbed, passionate way, doing with incredible swiftness and determination everything her hand had found to do. She had an air of great weariness, the exhaustion which means excitement and not repose, when she came in. She threw a glance round the room looking for the paper, which Miss Jean had put carefully out of sight. Kirsteen went to the table and turned over everything that was on it, groping in a sort of blind way.

"You are looking for something, my dear!"

"Yes—where is it?"

"What might ye be looking for?"

said Miss Jean, trembling very much, and with the tears coming to her eyes.

"Where is it?" Kirsteen said. She was perfectly still and quiet, her voice low, her face very white, her eyes cast down. It was evident that she felt no need of explanation, nor power of giving one. There was but one thing for her in the world and that was the paper with the news—which at the first hearing had gone like a stone to the bottom of her heart, like a sword piercing through and through.

Miss Jean had no power to resist or to pretend that she did not understand. She rose, trembling, and unlocked her escritoire and brought the paper out, fumbling in the depths of a pigeon-hole in which she had buried it, that it might never be seen more. She was very tremulous, her face drawn, her eyes full of moisture. "I canna think how you could make anything out of that," she said almost querulously in the excess of her feeling. "There's nothing, nothing in that, to say who it was. No person could divine. It might be somebody you never heard of."

It is possible that after the utter and undoubting convictions of the first moment such a thought might have come to Kirsteen's mind too. She put out her hand for the paper. Miss Jean kept on talking in a fretful tone.

"You've had no tea, not a thing since two o'clock, and now it's eleven at night—you've had no rest—work, work, as if your bread depended on it; and it's no such thing. I suppose you think you're made of something different from the ordinary, no mere flesh and blood."

Kirsteen paid no attention. She did not hear, the words were as a vague accompaniment, like the sound of wheels and faint voices and footsteps out of doors. She opened the paper with steady nervous hands that did not tremble, and read over again every word. Then she turned to the list "Casualties." Casualties! Acci-

dents!—was that a word to use for the list of the dead? When she had read it her hands dropped on her knee with the paper held in them, and from her colourless lips there came a faint sound, inarticulate, hoarse, the knell of hope. There had not been any hope in her heart; but to say that and to know that hope is over, are two things. In the one there was still a possibility—the other was death itself. Oh, the possibility had been very faint, very feeble! She had worked on all day, struggled on to preserve it, not asking for conviction. Sometimes to know the worst is what we desire. Sometimes we would prefer to put it from us, not to make sure, for a little. But there it was; no further doubt, "Captain Drummond;" his name and no other. "Will ye wait till I come back?" He was standing by her, saying it—and lying there—with the handkerchief. It was all past, the whole story, as if it had happened a hundred years ago.

"Miss Kirsteen—most likely you are making yourself miserable about nothing. How can ye tell by a story like that who it is? Oh, my bonny dear, I am asking no questions, but to see you like that just breaks my heart."

Kirsteen smiled in spite of herself at the idea of any heart being broken but her own, of any one being miserable who had not known him, who had never seen him, who did not even know his name. She said nothing for a few moments and then she spoke with a voice quite tuneless and flat, but steady, "Miss Jean—I will have to go for a day or two—to the Highlands."

"Certainly, my dear—whenever ye please," said Miss Jean, though not without a catching of her breath; for who would look after the work, with herself so much out of the use of it, and the season still so *throng*?

"Not to leave you—with so much in hand—why should I?" said Kirsteen. "It's not as if it was for anybody but me. But so soon as can be; just the time to go and to come back."

"Oh, my dear young lady—when-ever ye please, and for as long as ye please; but ye will come back?"

Kirsteen smiled again faintly: "Oh, yes, I will come back—there will be nothing more, no fighting nor battles—nothing to stop me—and nobody—to wait for me"—she added, "as I would have been content to wait—I was very content—just to think he was coming—some time. But that's over—just an old story. It is time to shut up the house and go to our beds."

"Oh, my darlin' bairn! Dinna shut it all up like that. Tell me about it—or if you will not tell me, oh, dear Miss Kirsteen, let the tears flow!"

"My eyes are dry and so is my throat, Miss Jean, I cannot speak—I cannot cry—I'm not one for telling—Good-night—I will just go away to my bed."

She lighted her candle which threw a strange new light upon her colourless face, and the rings of hair upon her milk white forehead out of which nothing could take the colour. Kirsteen's face even now had not the meekness and patience of a saint, but her hair was like an aureole round her wan countenance. She was going out of the room without any more, when she suddenly bethought herself, and coming back went up to Miss Jean, and kissed her—a very unusual ceremony between these two shy Scotswomen. The old lady coloured to the edge of her grey hair with pleasure and surprise, "Oh, Miss Kirsteen," she said.

"You are very kind—you are just a mother. You are like my Marg'ret," Kirsteen said. That name brought a rush of tears to her eyes for the first time. Marg'ret alone in all the world would know—Marg'ret would not need to be told. If she could lay her head on Marg'ret's shoulder, then her heart might break in peace. She had to bind it up now with bands of iron—for there was nobody in the world save him, and her, and Marg'ret that knew—

The workroom continued very *throng* for ten days or so longer, and during this time Kirsteen worked like two women. She had never been so inventive, so full of new combinations. With her white face, and without a smile, she stood over Lady Chatty, that grand lay-figure and advertising medium for the mantua-maker, and made her glorious with beautiful garments—beautiful according to the fashion of the time and all that Kirsteen knew; for no genius (in dress) can overstep these limits. Lady Chatty, full of affection and kindness, soon discovered the something which was wrong. She put her hands on either side of Kirsteen's face, and compelled her friend to look at her. "What ails you, Kirsteen? Oh, what ails you?" "Nothing," Kirsteen said. "Oh, don't tell me it is nothing. You look as if you had died and it was the ghost of Kirsteen that was here." Kirsteen smiled upon the beautiful face looking so anxiously into hers, and said, "Maybe that is just true," but would say no more. And the business in the workroom was done with a sort of passion by everybody there. They had heard that as soon as the press was over Miss Kirsteen was going away. They did not exchange any exhortations, but by one consent they addressed themselves to their work with an unspoken thought that the sooner they were done the sooner she would be released. It was partly that the sight of her became intolerable to these emotional spectators, who had each a private vision of her own of the tragedy. Had Kirsteen wept and raved and got over it, they would have wept with her and consoled her; but the anguish which did not weep, which said nothing, was more than they could bear. They were all silent round the long table, bending over their work, working as some one of them said, "as if it were a large mourning order and all for sum'un of one's own." And the season was just at its end—Kirsteen held her place till the last great

ball was over, and then she went away.

No difficulty now about paying for the coach or procuring her seat. She was no longer afraid of any danger on the road, or of the world unknown. The whirl of progress through the great country, through the towns and villages, across the long level plains of England, no longer filled her with that vague mystery and extasy of being which belonged to her first journey. The movement it was true gave a certain solace to her pain. The complete silence in which no one could ask her a question, fenced off as that was by the surrounding of incessant sound, the tramp of the horses, the jar of the wheels, the murmurs of the voices, was a relief to her from the daily intercourse of ordinary life. After she got to Glasgow she had to think over her further route. She had no desire to reveal herself, to let any one know she had come. Her mission was almost a secret one; to make it known would have gone against all the sanctities of memory; therefore, Kirsteen would not even give herself the pleasure of seeing Marg'ret, of sending for her at some wayside corner, or in some village as she had once thought of doing. She drove from Glasgow in post-chaises where it was possible, in country gigs or carts where no better could be had, avoiding all the places where she might be recognised. She embarked in a smack upon the Clyde and sat forlorn upon the deck watching the hills and islands drifting by, as if they were part of a much prolonged and almost endless dream. It, was July, the brightest month of the year, and the weather was one blaze of brightness as if to mock Kirsteen, whose heart was sick of the sunshine. There was nothing but sunshine everywhere, over the hills, bringing out the glistening of a hundred burns over their slopes, and making the lochs and the great river into shimmering paths of gold. It made her heart sick to see it all so bright, and him lying far

away, with that handkerchief to his lips.

And at last Kirsteen came in the gloaming, at the softened hour, the hour most full of love and longing to his mother's gate.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"KIRSTEEN!"

It was Agnes Drummond who made this astonished outcry coming into the old-fashioned drawing-room, where she had been told there was one who wanted a word with her. "Just say there is one that would fain speak a word," had been Kirsteen's announcement of herself. Agnes was about Kirsteen's age, but she had never left the shelter of her home, nor ever thought for herself or taken any step in life alone—and she was in reality ten years younger than the matured and serious young woman who was her contemporary. She was tall and slim, a willowy girl gliding into the dim room in her deep mourning like a shadow. Kirsteen was also in black, but without any of those insignia of crape which mark the legitimate mourner. She was standing in front of one of the dim windows, deep set in the thick wall, with small panes and heavy woodwork, intercepting as much light as possible. Agnes recognised Kirsteen rather from something characteristic in her figure and movement than by her face.

"It is just me," Kirsteen said, with a quick drawing of her breath.

"Have ye come home?" Then Agnes paused, and with something of the importance of a person to whom a great and mournful distinction has come, added, "Ye know what great trouble we are in?"

"It is for that, that I came here!"

"You are very kind!" said Agnes with some surprise; and then she added, "We knew that—ye were friends!"

"I am not come," said Kirsteen, "to talk—for that I cannot do—I have come to ask you, travelling night and

day—come to ask you—for the handkerchief he had in his hand!"

A sob escaped her as she spoke, but her eyes were dry.

"The handkerchief! Oh, Kirsteen, what are ye asking? Anything else; my mother will not part with it while she lives. There is upon it," the girl stopped, struggling with her tears, "a stain—of his blood."

For some minutes there was no sound in the dark room, but of Agnes's voice weeping, and from Kirsteen now and then a sob which seemed to rend her breast.

"She must give it to me," said Kirsteen at last, "for it is mine. He took it out for my sake. Oh, a mother's dear, dear! She has had him all his days, his name and his memory's hers, and no one can take him from her. But that's all I have, for my life. And I will have it, for it is mine!"

"Kirsteen, you need not be violent nor speak like that, for how could my mother give it up—the last thing he ever touched, that he put to his lips—like a kiss to us—her and me!"

"No," said Kirsteen, "for none of you. It was mine, his name is marked in the corner in my coarse red hair that nobody ever thought anything of. He said it was like a thread of gold. He bade me to wait till he came back. Now he'll never come back—but I'll wait—till I go to him. Give me my handkerchief with his kiss upon it; there's nobody has a right to touch it,—for it is mine!"

Agnes in her mild reasoning was no match for this fiery spirit. She could only cry helplessly standing like a ghost among the shadows, but the early moon came in at the window and shone full upon Kirsteen who was neither ghost nor shadow. The aspect of command that was in her daunted the other. "I will go and ask my mother," she said.

"Tell her," said Kirsteen, "that I have come straight from London travelling night and day. I have scarce tasted bite nor sup, nor slept in my bed since the news came. I knew it

was him without any name, for I knew that was what he would do. She has many, many a thing to mind her of him, the house he was born in, and his picture and all, and his dear name. And I have nothing but that. And I will have it, for it belongs to me!"

"I will go and ask my mother," Agnes said.

The moon shone in through the small window, throwing upon Kirsteen's figure the reflection of the solid wooden framework, so that she looked as if she were in a prison looking out upon the outside world through black iron bars. She stood quite still for some time with her white face turned to it looking through those bars to the light. And she never forgot that moment when she stood gazing up into the white orb in the clear summer sky which had looked down upon him lying silent upon the field. It seemed to Kirsteen in the fever of her weariness and exhaustion that she could see that scene, the awful silence, the other dead lying about in dark muffled heaps, and the moon shining upon the handkerchief in his hands. There were faint sounds in the house of doors opening and shutting, and of voices. A sudden cry—which perhaps was from his mother. It would be natural that his mother should resist, that she should wish to keep it. But Kirsteen felt that nothing could stand against herself and her right.

In a few minutes Agnes came back, still crying. "I am sorry," she said, "to keep you in this dark room, but I've told them to bring the candles!"

"The candles are not needed, there's nothing needed but one thing."

"Oh, Kirsteen," said Agnes, "be content with something less than that! My mother says she cannot—oh, she cannot give that up."

"Did ye tell her it was mine, and I've come to get my own?"

"Oh, Kirsteen! her heart's broken!"

"And what is mine? She will get away to him. She will go where he is. But I'm young and we are all dour

livers, that will not die—I'll live—maybe a hundred years," cried Kirsteen with a hard sob and a wave of her hand as if in demonstration of the hardness of her fate.

Here a maid entered the room bearing two lighted candles which shone upon a rosy tranquil face, the common unconcerned life coming in upon the exaltation of the other. She closed the other windows one by one as if that had been the only thing to do, but, when she approached that at which Kirsteen stood with the bars of shadow upon her, drew back with a frightened look and went away.

This enforced pause made them both a little calmer. "Ye will stay all night," said Agnes, faltering, "now that you are here. Take off your bonnet, Kirsteen. And ye must take something."

"Do you think," said Kirsteen, "that I have come here to eat or to drink—or to bide?—oh, no, oh, no,—but get me the thing I have come for and let me go."

"How can I get it when my mother will not give it up," said Agnes overcome, falling into the natural refuge of tears.

"Let me see her," said Kirsteen.

"She has seen nobody, not even the minister. She will scarcely look at the light. She cannot cry like me. She's just like stone. He was her only son, and she just moans and says she never believed the Almighty would deal with her so." Agnes, with the impatience of a patient and gentler nature of this intolerable grief, was relieved to be able to make her plaint. But it did not seem unnatural to Kirsteen that the mother should be like stone.

"When she sees me," she said, "perhaps the tears will come."

"Oh, Kirsteen, but I dare not ask her."

"I will not bid you ask her, I will just go ben."

"Oh, Kirsteen!"

She knew the way well, across the outer room, which was not called a hall, to the door on the other side within

which Mrs. Drummond was sitting with her woe. There was nothing but the moonlight in the hall making a broad strip of whiteness as it came in unbroken by the open door. The two black figures passed across it like shadows, the daughter of the house following, the stranger leading. Mrs. Drummond sat by the side of the fire, which was a feeble redness in the grate, unneeded, supposed to add a little cheerfulness, but in its unnatural, untended smouldering making things rather worse than better. Her white widow's cap was the highest light in the room, which with its dark wainscot and faint candles looked like a cave of gloom. The windows were all closed and curtained shutting out the lingering light of day. A large Bible was open on the table, and in Mrs. Drummond's lap lay the knitting with which her fingers were always occupied; but she was neither reading nor working. Her white hair was scarcely distinguishable under the whiteness of her cap; her face rigid with sorrow was grey in comparison. She sat without moving, like marble. Calamity had made her severe and terrible, she who had once been kind. She took no notice at first of the fact that some one had come into the room, believing it to be her gentle Agnes, who was nobody, the helpless hand-maiden of this despair.

Kirsteen went round the table to the other side of the fire and stood before his mother, saying nothing. Mrs. Drummond raised her eyelids and perceived her with a faint cry. "Who is this come to disturb me? I gave no leave to anybody to come. I can see nobody. Kirsteen Douglas, what are ye wanting here?"

Kirsteen put out her hands with a gesture of supplication. "It is mine," she said, "it was for me. It is all I have to keep my heart. You are his mother. And I am nothing to him—but for that—"

"No, you were nothing to him," said the mother looking at her fixedly.

"Except just this," cried Kirsteen roused to the full assertion of her

claim; "that it was me he thought upon—yonder—that he had my handkerchief—and took it from his breast—and put it to his mouth."

"Lassie," said Mrs. Drummond, "how dare ye tell that like an idle tale and put it into common words? It's written there," putting her hand on the Bible, "so that I cannot see the word of God; and it's written here," she added laying it on her breast, "on the bosom that nursed him and the heart that's broken. What are you, a young thing, that will love again and mairry another man, and have bairns at your breast that are not his?" She broke off here, and said again after a moment abruptly, "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—but the Lord took no notice of him nor of me!"

Kirsteen sank down upon her knees before this tearless mourner. "Will I tell ye what I am?" she said. "I am young and we're a long-lived race—I will maybe live to be a hundred. No bairn will ever be at my breast—no man will ever take my hand. He said to me, 'Will ye wait till I come back?' And I said to him, 'That I will,' and he took the little napkin from the table that had R. D. on it for Robbie (but yet I thought on him all the time) in my red hair. My mother said her colour was best but he said it was like a thread of gold—and he touched my arm and made me look, and he put it to his mouth. And he said, 'Will ye wait?' And here we sit forlorn!" said Kirsteen her voice breaking into a shrill and heart-piercing cry.

There was a long pause. And then the rigid woman in the chair rose up like a marble image, her white cap and pallid countenance awful in the dim room like the face and head coverings of one who had died. She took her keys from a pocket which hung by her side and went across the room to an old-fashioned cabinet, which lent a little glimmer of inlaid mother o' pearl and foreign woods to the dim glimmering wainscot. From this she took a box which she carried back with her to her seat, and unlocking it with a

trembling hand, took from it again a little packet wrapped in a piece of faded silk. She held it for a moment as if she would have opened it, then suddenly thrust it into Kirsteen's hands. "Take it," she said, "and not another word. But if ye're ever unfaithful to him send it back to me—or bury it in my grave if I'm not here."

"In yours or in mine," was all that Kirsteen could say. She put her lips trembling to the hand that had given this treasure; then being hastily dismissed by a gesture of that hand rose from her knees and went away. In a moment more she was outside in the mild delightful summer night, all made up of pleasures which knew no chill, no fading, no sorrow; the young moon softly shining as if for pure joy, the unseen burns softly tinkling, the graceful birch trees waving their feathery branches in the soft air. Such a night! a visionary daylight lingering in the west, against which rose the fantastic majestic outline of the hills—the glen penetrating far into the soft gloom towards the east, caught by a ray of moonlight here and there, the wind upon the face of the wayfarer like a caress—the air all full of love and longing and sweet dreams. Kirsteen passed through it holding her treasure against her breast, a kind of happiness possessing her, her bosom lightened for the moment by reason of the very climax of emotion through which she had passed, the exhaustion of sorrow which at times feels like ease to the worn-out soul. She had a long walk to the village where her post-chaise waited for her. The road came out upon the sides of the loch which shone like a sheet of burnished silver in the moonlight. As she approached the village one or two people met her and turned to look back at the unknown figure which it was evident did not "belong." There was a little commotion in the small village public-house where her carriage was waiting, the horses harnessed and the lamps lighted as she had ordered. A post-chaise with an unknown lady in it was

a strange occurrence in such a place. The people at the little alehouse were very anxious to see her veil lifted, to know if she would have anything. Just outside the village was the road that led to Drumcarro. Kirsteen did not even remark it as she drove past in the soft darkness. There was no room in her mind for any thought but one.

Posting all through the summer night which so soon expanded into a glorious summer morning, revealing her to herself as a veiled and pallid shadow fit rather for the darkness than the light, Kirsteen reached Glasgow in time to take the coach again for London. Then followed two days more of monotonous, continual motion, with villages and fields whirling past in one long continuous line. She arrived the second night dazed with fatigue and exhaustion in the great gleaming city throwing all its lights abroad to the evening sky, which was now her only home. It had been but a temporary dwelling-place before, to be replaced by a true home, perhaps in her own Highlands, perhaps—what did it matter?—in the incomprehensible Indian world, when he came back. Now he would never come back; and Kirsteen recognised that this was her established place, and that her life had taken the form and colour which it must now bear to the end. She had accepted it for his sake that she might be faithful to him, and now it was to be for ever, with no break or change. There had sometimes crossed her mind a dread that he would not like it—that the mantua-maker in Mayfair would wound the pride of all the proud Drummonds if not of himself. Now that fear was buried like the rest. There was no one to object any more than to praise. She was independent of all the world, and bound to that work for ever.

It was not till Kirsteen had reached the house, which she recognised as now her permanent resting-place, that she undid out of its case the precious thing she had gone to seek. She bought a little silver casket, a gem of workman-

ship and grace, though she knew nothing of this but only that it seemed to suit the sacred deposit, and unfolded the little napkin to take from it once, like a sacrament, the touch of his dying lips. There was the mark, with her thread of gold shining undimmed, and there, touching the little letters, the stain—and even the traces of his dead fingers where he had grasped it. She folded it up again in his mother's cover and put with it the little blue Testament with the intertwined initials. The silver casket stood in Kirsteen's room during her whole life within reach of her hand. But I do not think she opened it often. Why should she? She could not see them more clearly than she did with the eyes of her mind had they been in her hands night and day. And she did not profane her sacred things by touch; they were there—that was enough.

And thus life was over for Kirsteen; and life began. No longer a preparatory chapter, a thing to be given up when the happy moment came—but the only life that was to be vouchsafed to her in this earth so full of the happy and of the unhappy. She was to be neither. The worst had happened to her that could happen. No post-scriptal life or new love was possible to her. Her career was determined, with many objects and many affections, but of that first enchantment no more. She took up her work with fresh vigour, and immediately began to make many alterations in the house, and to change the workroom according to her own ideas and to reorganise everything. Miss Jean looked on well pleased. She was the nominal head, but Kirsteen was her head, her strength and soul. She was as well satisfied with all the plannings and alterings as a mother is with things that please and occupy her child. "It takes off her thoughts," Miss Jean said. She herself was a happy woman. She was like the woman in Scripture whose reproach is taken away, and who becomes a joyful mother of children when all hope is over. She had no

need to do anything but to be happy in her child.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOME time after this when everything connected with this incident was over, Kirsteen received one morning a visitor very different from the usual frequenters of the house. The subsequent mails had brought no further details of Ronald's fate, at least to her. His mother had done everything of which a woman's magnanimity was capable in giving her that sacred relic; but to make further communication of the further news that came in fragments from one correspondent and another was not in either of their thoughts. Information was not what these women thought of. They had no habit of learning every detail as we have now. The event came like a bomb-shell upon them, shattering their hearts and hopes—and that was all, they looked for no more. It was accordingly with no expectations of any kind that Kirsteen received the visitor who was Major Gordon, the young Waterloo man whom his mother had brought to honour the little gathering at Miss Jean's house. He had been in India since all the fighting had ceased in Europe, for his living and fortune depended upon active service, and India meant increased pay and increased opportunities under the liberal sway of the Company, without any derogation from the pretensions of the King's officers who thought more of themselves than the leaders of the Company's troops. Major Gordon was a brave officer, and had been in as much fighting as any man of his years could boast. But he was somewhat shy when he called on Kirsteen, and stood with his hat in his hand moving from one foot to another, as if he had not been a perfect master of his drill. He said that his mother had thought he had better call to see Miss Douglas after his return—that he had been so fortunate as to meet Colonel Douglas in India, who was hoping soon to have a furlough home—and that he hoped

he saw Miss Douglas well, and Miss Brown too, who had always been so kind to his mother. Kirsteen in her black gown was a somewhat imposing figure, and the thought that this visitor had come straight from India took the colour, which had begun to come back, from her cheek. A black dress was not then, as in our days, the commonest of feminine garments—and his eyes seemed to take an expression of anxiety as they returned again and again to her, which Kirsteen did not understand. He told her that he had come home with his regiment sooner than he had expected, for that India was now the only place in which a soldier could push his fortune.

"Or lose his life," she said.

"One may lose one's life anywhere—but to vegetate without the means of doing anything, without being able to take a step of any kind—to settle—to marry," said the young soldier with a slight blush and laugh—"to take a place of one's own."

"Oh," said Kirsteen, "to live and do well will be enough to make your mother happy—and others that belong to you—if you think of them that have been left lying on many a field!"

"I acknowledge that," he said—"many and many a better man than I—but to die a soldier's death is always what one looks forward to—better than living an idle life and cumbering the ground."

"You will not do that," said Kirsteen with a smile. She might have been his mother's contemporary instead of his own,—so far remote did she feel from all such agitation as was expressed in the young man's awkwardness and earnestness. It did not occur to Kirsteen as it might have done to an ordinary young woman of her age that these agitations could have any reference to herself. She smiled upon him as over a long blank of years—"you are not one that will ever stay still long enough to cumber the ground."

"Miss Douglas," he said, "I have seen several of your family—I feel a great interest. Will you forgive me

if I take a liberty? You are in mourning?"

The light faded altogether out of Kirsteen's face. She made a little pause for a moment clasping her hands. "Not for any of my family," she said.

He begged her a thousand pardons, brightening up in a moment. She fell back into the pale shadows; he roused up to pleasant brightness of life. These two different moods do not understand each other. They are almost antagonistic without some special bond of sympathy. He went on after a moment.

"I saw much of your family—in Argyllshire—before I went to India. You will perhaps remember that Glendochart invited me for the shooting—which was very kind."

Kirsteen's attention flagged. She assented merely with a bow.

"I have been three years in India," said the young man. "She was nearly seventeen when I saw her last."

"Who was nearly seventeen?"

"Oh, Miss Douglas, forgive me!—your lovely little sister—a flower that seemed born to blush unseen."

The light came back to Kirsteen's face. "Jeanie!" she said with a little flush of pleasure, "is she so bonny? I always thought she would be so—but it's long, long since I have seen her."

"Bonny is not the word," said the young soldier, "though bonny is a very bonny word. She is—she is—I wish," he cried breaking off abruptly with a nervous laugh, "that I could show you her picture—in my heart."

"Is that so?" Kirsteen raised her head and looked at him with a searching glance from head to foot; the young man instinctively squared himself, drawing up his head as under inspection. "Ye are well to look at, Major Gordon—but I cannot see into your heart."

"No," he said, "and how can I tell you what I think of her? It's not her beauty—she's just as sweet as the flowers. I wish I had the tongue of Robbie Burns—or some of those new

poets that would wile a bird from the trees—" and he began to murmur some words that were not so familiar to the ear as they have come to be since then.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend.
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward
round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

The major paused a moment, and then he added, with a rising colour, another verse:

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.'"

Kirsteen, though she was in London where everything that is new should be best known, had little acquaintance with the new poets. She had heard part of *The Ancient Mariner*, which was to her like a great piece of music, thrilling her being but imperfectly understood of her intelligence. She had heard much of Byron who was raved of by every apprentice, and whom consequently this high aristocrat, in verse as in all other things, held in a certain scorn. She listened surprised to the lines which Gordon stammered forth somewhat shamefacedly, finding himself embarked in a kind of recitation which he had not intended.

"Who said it?—They are very bonny words. I am much beholden

to him, whoever he is, for such a bonny picture of my little sister—if it is not yourself?"

"I," cried the major. "Oh, be not profane! It is one Wordsworth that lives on the Borders—but she is like that."

"I can well believe it," said Kirsteen. "Nevertheless, if it was Jeanie he was meaning, though it may be all true, it did not need that to make a lady of my sister," she said with an ineffable visionary pride.

The major did not argue, or make any stand for his part, though he had all the enthusiasm of an early member of the sect. He would have indeed sacrificed Wordsworth and all the poets without a thought at the shrine he was approaching. "That is alas what daunts me," he said. "How am I a poor man to make your father hear me. He will want, and well I know how justly, what I have not to give."

"I am no authority as to what my father will do, Major Gordon. You may have heard why I, a Douglas, and not the least proud of the family, am here."

"But she adores you, Miss Kirsteen!"

"Does she that? My bonny Jeanie! And well I wot she is the dearest thing to me." Kirsteen paused with a flood of pleasure and anguish inundating her heart. The visions of the past rose up before her. Ah, why had the image of the little sister come so persistently into all her dreams of a future that was never to be? Because, she said to herself putting down that climbing sorrow, it was a life that was never to be—and Jeanie was the consolation that remained.

"Major Gordon," she said, "if it may so be that Jeanie's happiness is bound up in yours, all that I can do will be too little. But what is there that I can do? She is in the hands of her parents; and I that have broken my bonds, and am a rebel, have nothing to say."

"It will not last like that between them and you."

"It has lasted for six years. My father is a dour man and does not change. If Alexander were to come back, that is the next in the family to my father—"

"He is coming, he is coming—when men in India speak of two or three years they think it is nothing—but it's an eternity to me."

"And sometimes it is an eternity," Kirsteen said solemnly. She asked then suddenly without intending it, if he had ever been at Ahmednugger where the battle was.

"I was in the battle," he said simply. "I had my orders home, but I was there. It was a kind of chance, no one expected it."

Major Gordon was much surprised when Miss Douglas, who was so reserved and dignified, caught him by the arm and made him sit down by her side. She was as white as the cambric kerchief on her neck. She said with a little moan, "Oh, not a chance, not a chance, but God's grace, I must think that. And tell me all ye know. Oh, tell me all ye know!" He began to say (with astonishment, and so startled that it was difficult to put his recollections in order) that it had all been caused by a mistake, that no one knew how strong the native powers were, and that on the British side all might have been lost, but Kirsteen stopped him with an imperative movement of her hand. "Begin," she said, "where it began, and tell me who was there and all. Oh, tell me everything—for I have heard nothing—except that so it was." Her intent face, her trembling clasped hands, the tragic eagerness with which she set herself down to listen, overwhelmed the young soldier who knew nothing of her connection with that fatal field. With a rapid review and calculation he made out to himself that no Douglas had been there. It was then some one else in whom she was interested. He looked at her again and her black dress, her composed gravity, as of one whose life was set apart, and an indefinable change that he had remarked without comprehending it showed him, as by

a sudden revelation, that whoever it was in whom Kirsteen was interested he was dead. But who was it? And how was he to give her dead hero the place her heart would crave for, if he did not know who that was?

He began however as best he could his story of the fight. As was made very apparent afterwards, Major Gordon had a soldier's skill in the arrangement of his tale. He made the listener see the movements of the troops, the gradually growing alarm, the scouts coming in with news, the officers, anxious and harassed, gathering to their rapid council, the bold advice that was first received with a sort of horror then adopted. "We should all have been cut to pieces but for that—not one would have escaped to tell the tale; but he did not live to get the benefit himself, poor fellow. His name was Drummond, a Peninsula man who had seen a great deal of fighting. He and I were old friends. We had gone through many a hot moment together. His plan was adopted after a great deal of discussion. And by the blessing of God it saved many a man's life—but not his own!"

He gave a start as he looked up at her, for Kirsteen's countenance was transfigured. Her paleness glowed as if with a light behind, though there was not a particle of colour in her face. He had found the way to her heart without knowing, without meaning it, his testimony all the more prized and valuable for that. He went on with details which I cannot repeat, setting all the field before her. And then with his voice trembling he told her the end. How he had seen his friend fall, and then the little story of the handkerchief. "None of us knew what it meant," he said, "for Drummond never was one to talk much of himself, but we were all sure there was some story. He lay there on the field with that white thing on his lips. It was hard—to take it out of his hand."

The major's voice was a little strained. A man cannot cry like a

girl, but he had to stop and swallow something that was in his throat. Then to his great surprise Miss Douglas rose and without a word went out of the room. He asked himself in his astonishment had he been wrong after all? Had he been talking of some one for whom she did not care leaving out the name she wanted to hear? He sat wondering, listening while her steps went up stairs to a room above. Then he heard her coming down again. She came back into the room with a silver box in her hand, and opening it without a word took out something wrapped in a piece of faded silk. The young soldier felt his heart in his throat, an intolerable overwhelming pang of sympathy taking all voice and utterance from him. He knew the little handkerchief which he had taken from Ronald's dead hand. She did not say a word, but looked at him with a faint mournful smile and that transfiguration on her face. Then putting back her treasure locked it away again in its shrine, and gave him her hand.

"Now," she said after some time, speaking with difficulty, "you know, and there will be no need of words between you and me. I will never forget what you have told me. It's been like a bit of God's word, all new. And ye will never doubt that if I can serve ye, it's in my heart to do—whatever a woman can do. Oh," cried Kirsteen, "take the blessing of God from a heartbroken woman and go away, Major Gordon! He was but Captain—never more, and he's lying yonder, and you standing here. Oh, go! and let me see ye no more."

When the rapture of sorrow that was in her had softened again, Kirsteen sent many messages to the young officer by his mother; but she could not endure the sight of him at that time. Everything she could do—with Jeanie or any one—but not to see him, not to see him, he who had come home living and loving and promoted and with everything that had not come to the other. She could not bear that.

(To be continued.)

A MORAL CRUSADER.¹

WE have not yet quite done with slavery, much less have we done with the legacies of slavery. The life of the great anti-slavery leader therefore has still a practical interest. But Garrison's life has an interest apart from the particular movement. The history of moral crusades hardly presents a higher example of brave, singlehearted, unambitious and self-sacrificing devotion to a cause.

About the year 1841, with which the last two volumes open, national morality on the subject of slavery was about at its nadir. This was marked by the apostasy of Webster, the greatest and meanest of Americans, as Garrison bitterly called him, though by nature he was not mean, and fell from grace only when exposed to the fatal temptations of the presidency. Not society only but the churches had succumbed to the monster. Boston, which flatters itself that it is the centre of morality as well as of intelligence, had shared the general lot. If you raised your voice against the "institution" there, you were assaulted and put in danger of your life by a most respectable mob. Slavery had left far behind the period when it was content to exist as tolerated evil, which only begged for a short respite that it might quietly take itself away. By the life of Calhoun it had declared itself a positively beneficial institution, and the best relation that could exist between the white race and the negro. It was not far from declaring itself the best relation that could exist between capital and labour in general. It aspired to indefinite

extension, annexed Texas, and trampled morality under its victorious feet by dragging the country into the Mexican War.

So mephitic was the atmosphere, now and for some time afterwards, that it even quenched the light of great foreign luminaries of philanthropy and liberty when they were let down into it. Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, visited the United States in 1849. He had signed in Ireland, in company with Daniel O'Connell and sixty thousand other Irishmen, an address from the people in Ireland to their countrymen and countrywomen in America declaring that slavery was a sin against God and man, and adjuring the American Irish by all the honour of Ireland and their fealty to freedom to treat the coloured people as their equals and as brethren, to hate slavery and to cleave to Abolition. Naturally the Abolitionists hailed the advent of Father Mathew. Mr. Garrison waited on him with an invitation to participate in that glorious event—the abolition of slavery in British West India. But it soon appeared that the object of the visit was far from agreeable to Father Mathew. He had as much as he could do, he said, to save men from the slavery of intemperance without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of slavery. When reminded of the Irish address, he spoke as if the act had passed from his memory, and when forced to recall it could only say that it subjected him to a good deal of odium. Not a syllable fell from his lips expressive of sympathy with American effort on behalf of the negro or of joy at the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. "It is with great sorrow of heart," says Garrison in giving an

¹ William Lloyd Garrison: [1805-1879] *the Story of his Life told by his Children*. Vols. III. and IV. [1841-1879]. New York. For a notice of the first two volumes see *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1886.

account of the interview, "that I lay these facts before America, Ireland and the world."

Kossuth was another disappointment. From him, the great champion of liberty, the Abolitionists expected thrilling eloquence in favour of the liberation of the slave. But his first words on landing at New York showed that he meant to be neutral or worse. "I take it," he said, "to be the duty of honour and principal not to meddle with any party question of your own domestic affairs. Let others delight in the part of a knight-errant for theories: it is not my case. I am the man of the great principle of the sovereignty of every people to dispose of its own domestic concerns, and I must deny to every foreigner, as to every foreign power, the right to oppose the sovereign faculty." The Emperor of Austria might perhaps have pleaded that he had as much right to the name of "a sovereign faculty," as the slave-owners of the United States. Kossuth did even worse than this. He referred to the pro-slavery invasion and spoliation of Mexico as "The glorious struggle you had not long ago in Mexico in which General Scott drove the President of the Republic from his capital." In short he entirely fell in with the views of the speaker at one of his meetings who said, not in jest, that "Slavery was a part of American liberty with which foreigners had no right to interfere." But the Abolitionists were under a delusion from the beginning in expecting sympathy from Kossuth. He was what they resentfully called him, "a mere Hungarian, nothing more." He was the champion of a dominant race asserting its own independence against the Austrian Empire but seeking to hold the Slavonic population of Hungary in subjection at the same time. Hungarian patriotism altogether was aristocratic and equivocal. The strong part of the Hungarian cause was the protest against Russian intervention, and the moment for pressing this in the United States was not a very happy

one, since it was the morrow of the Mexican War.

Another case of blacksliding was that of the Free Church of Scotland, which after its secession had taken measures for an Ecumenical Council, including a contingent from the slave-owning States. This called down Garrison's anathema in the shape of a vote of thanks, passed on his motion by the Massachusetts' Anti-Slavery Society: "To our untiring coadjutor, Henry C. Wright, for the fidelity with which he has unmasked the vaunted Free Church of Scotland for conniving at the great iniquity of American Slavery by soliciting and receiving its pecuniary assistance and religious co-operation." In response to the resolution the Scotch emancipationists raised a loud cry of "Send the money back." The Free Kirk was ultra-Biblical and probably took a Mosaic view of the destiny of the children of Ham. Stonewall Jackson, who was not less devout in his Calvinistic way than he was brave, is understood to have been impelled by that conviction. "Send us," cries Garrison to his English friends, "no more Baptist clerical delegates or Methodists or Presbyterian or Quaker delegates; they have all played into the hands of slavery against the Abolitionists. From Dr. C. down to the last delegation they have all done evil work and strengthened slavery against us. Like the Priest and the Levite, they have passed us by and gone on the other side. They found the cause of Abolitionism unpopular. The mass of society were pro-slavery, so they went with them and we have gone to the wall."

The American Churches by their conduct during these years brought, we fear, a stain on Christianity. They ought to remember this when they cast a stone at an Established Church. If a Church is under political and social influence, and allows itself to be seduced by it from her allegiance to Gospel morality, it signifies little whether the influence takes the form of a royal supremacy or that of the pressure to

which the conscience of the American Churches succumbed. When the rupture with slavery came, the Protestant Churches generally wheeled over to the anti-slavery side: the Methodist Church especially was zealous in the support of the war. The Anglican Church showed its superior consistency, if not its superior Christianity, by remaining generally Copperhead. It, in fact, became a religious asylum of Copperheads, one of whom is said to have justified his conversion to it by saying that there was no Church that meddled so little with either your politics or your religion. Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, who stood up nobly for the Union and against slavery, formed a contrast to the majority of his brethren. Calhoun could boast that "the Episcopal Church was impenetrable to anti-Slavery." The cause of this was largely social, the Anglican Church having its stronghold among the wealthy and conservative classes. Dr. Channing sorrowfully admitted the pro-slavery character of American religion; and Gerritt Smith, a most excellent man, said: "I do not hesitate to make the remark, though it may seem infidel in the eyes of many, that were all the religions in this land, the good and bad mixed, to be this day blotted out, there would remain as much ground as there now is for the hope of the speedy termination of American slavery." The behaviour of the Churches inevitably led to very strained relations between them and the Garrisonians, and some heavy hitting ensued. At the New England Convention, in May, 1841, Mr. Garrison moved a resolution "that among the responsible classes among the slave-owning States in regard to the existence of slavery, the religious professions, and especially the clergy, stand wickedly pre-eminent and ought to be unsparingly exposed and reproved before all the people." This did not seem strong enough to Mr. Henry C. Wright, who moved by way of amendment, "that the Church and Clergy of the United States as a whole

constitute a great brotherhood of thieves, inasmuch as they countenance and support the highest kind of theft, that is man-stealing." Mr. Jacob Ferris went even beyond this, by declaring at a meeting, "that the Methodist-Episcopal Church is worse than any brothel in the city of New York." We can scarcely be surprised if on this occasion the Church responded with tumult and rotten eggs.

As a matter of course the Churches charged Garrison with infidelity, and not only with infidelity "but with blasphemous atheism." Some of his associates, undoubtedly, were decided freethinkers. His opinions, as the battle went on, evidently became, to say the least, less orthodox; though he certainly remained a firm believer not only in God but in Christ, as the pattern of character and as having spoken the words of eternal life, whatever he might think about the creeds. He asserted the right of free inquiry, saying with evident justice that the more divine the Bible was the better it would bear examination. To him the slave-law of the Pentateuch must have been a great stumbling-block, and he does not appear to have known how to answer Bishop Hughes, when that prelate proved from the Old Testament that slavery was a divine ordinance, any better than Voltaire knew how to answer the defenders of Genesis who pointed to fossil shells as proofs of the deluge. He probably was little versed in history, certainly in the philosophy of history, and therefore could not see that slavery as a primeval institution might have been consistent with morality in its day, while its revival in a civilised age was a hideous anachronism. Like many other sceptics who try to make up in another way for what they have lost, Garrison was fascinated by spiritualism.

At a meeting at New York there was this lively scene. Mr. Garrison said: "Shall we look to the Episcopal Church for hope? It was the boast of John C. Calhoun, shortly before

his death, that that Church was impregnable to anti-slavery. That vaunt was founded on truth, for the episcopal clergy and laity are buyers and sellers of human flesh. We cannot therefore look to them. Shall we look to the Presbyterian Church? The whole weight of it is on the side of oppression. Ministers and people buy and sell slaves, apparently without any compunctious visitings of conscience. We cannot therefore look to them, nor to the Baptists, nor to the Methodists; for they, too, are against the slave; and all the sects are combined to prevent that jubilee which it is the will of God should come. . . . Be not startled when I say that a belief in Jesus is no evidence of goodness (hisses); no, friends—

VOICE. "Yes, it is."

MR. GARRISON. "Our friend says 'yes'; my position is 'no'. It is worthless as a test, for the reason I have already assigned in reference to the other tests. His praises are sung in Louisiana, Alabama, and the other Southern States just as well as in Massachusetts."

CAPTAIN RYNDERS. "Are you aware that the slaves in the South have their prayer-meetings in honour of Christ?"

MR. GARRISON. "Not a slaveholding or a slave-breeding Jesus. (Sensation.) The slaves believe in a Jesus that strikes off chains. In this country Jesus has become obsolete. A profession in Him is no longer a test. Who objects to His course in Judea? The old Pharisees are extinct, and may safely be denounced. Jesus is the most respectable person in the United States. (Great sensation and murmurs of disapprobation.) Jesus sits in the President's chair in the United States. (A thrill of horror here seemed to run through the assembly.) Zachary Taylor sits there, which is the same thing, for he believes in Jesus. He believes in war, and the Jesus that 'gave the Mexicans hell.' (Uproar and confusion.)"

All this time *The Liberator* continued to appear though it barely paid its way,

and Garrison continued to go his missionary rounds. He was travelling with Frederick Douglass (a half-breed, it will be remembered, and a man of education and distinction) in Pennsylvania when Douglass, having humbly taken his seat in the "niggers's" carriage, was ordered by a white passenger to give up his seat, and having declined to do so unless he were asked in a civil manner was summarily dragged out. Douglass was not allowed to sit down at the eating-table, and for two days was almost without food. So far was the moral poison of slavery from being confined to the South.

Garrison's biographers say of him, with general justice, that there was nothing Utopian or extravagant in his views of life, that he sympathised with every honest effort for the improvement of mankind, could make allowance for aberration, and while his movement, like other fervid movements, unavoidably drew to itself the insane, the unbalanced, and the blindly enthusiastic, he himself remained calm and steadfast. He happily steered clear of the sinister prophet of Perfectionism, Mr. Noyes, and his religious community. On the other hand, he took up with some movements which to the unenthusiastic might seem doubtful, such as Prohibitionism, which he extended to tobacco, and Woman's Rights, into which he was drawn after some hesitation, probably by the sympathy which women showed for his own movement. He thought it right, as he said himself, to be anti-devil all round, or as the scoffers said, "a monomaniac on every subject." The most equivocal association into which he lapsed was Irish repeal. Evidently he had not studied the question, but, following too closely for an apostle the example of the politicians, called himself a Repealer in expectation of attracting the support of the Irish, for which he had some reason to hope after the highly praiseworthy utterances of O'Connell. He was utterly disappointed. O'Connell's anti-slavery address, with its sixty thousand signatures,

was received by the Irish Press with sneers and denunciations. The Roman Catholic bishop, Hughes, of New York, impugned its genuineness and called upon all naturalised Irishmen to resist and repudiate it as emanating from a foreign source. The naturalised Irishmen responded to the bishop's call with a vengeance. "The instinct of this, the lowest class of the white population of the North," the biographers remark, "taught it that to acknowledge the brotherhood of the negro was to take away the sole social superiority that remained to it," to say nothing of the forfeiture of the political power and plunder which it enjoyed through its alliance with the Democratic Party. The Irish rabble of Philadelphia made their reply by murderous rioting directed in the first instance against a peaceable First of August procession, and ending with the burning of a beneficial hall built for moral purposes by one of the more prosperous of the persecuted race—a foretaste this of the anti-draft riot, which in the third year of the war filled New York with blood and havoc and which the Americans repressed by a short and sharp Coercion Act, shooting down in a few hours a great many more Irish than have suffered under British Coercion Acts for political or agrarian crimes since the Union.

In 1850 a memorable ally appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Stowe brought out in a collected form *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which had previously been published by instalments in the *Washington National Era*. Garrison gave it a rapturous notice in *The Liberator*. It does not seem, however, that the book produced any very strong demonstration against the Fugitive Slave law, which was then the burning issue, or that it materially strengthened the steady work of the Abolitionists. The Fugitive Slave law remained repealed till Secession. Wendell Phillips speaks of the effect as a passing spasm. Perhaps there is a moral in this. It may be that we overrate altogether the effect produced by controversial or propagandist novels.

People feel that what they have been reading belongs to the domain of fiction; and when they get into the domain of reality think of it little more. It is certain that in England the book was eagerly read, praised, and perhaps wept over by numbers of people who, when the day of action came, passed to the other side.

The apparent hopelessness of the political outlook, combined, as we may suppose, with the workings of Garrison's own mind, led him to take up what seems a pretty desperate position. He declared for the repeal of the Union. At a meeting in Faneuil Hall he passed a resolution to the effect that the union of liberty and slavery was as impossible as the amalgamation of fire and gunpowder; that the American union was a hollow mockery instead of a glorious reality; and that the time was rapidly approaching when it would be dissolved in form as it was in fact. "No union with slave-owners!" henceforth became his cry. His followers, when they celebrated West Indian Emancipation, bore as the tokens of the new crusade banners inscribed with disunion sentiments. Violently denounced and warming under the denunciations, he proceeded to anathematise the Constitution and to declare it "A covenant with death and an agreement with hell." He derided as sophisms all attempts to show that it did not countenance slavery, because it avoided the name slave, pointing to the facts that it gave the South proportional representation for its slaves, that it legalised the slave trade for twenty years, and that it embraced the Fugitive Slave law. "The framers," he said with considerable truth, "were intent on securing liberty to themselves without being very scrupulous as to the means. They were not actuated by the spirit of universal philanthropy, though in words they recognised the brotherhood of the race but in practice they denied it. They enslaved their fellow-men and sold them like cattle, while they were fighting against the oppression of the

mother country and boasting of the Rights of Man. Why then concede to them virtues which they did not possess?" The idea of amending the Constitution in an anti-slavery sense he relegated to limbo. To tear it up and repeal the Union was henceforth his fixed aim, and he carried most of his followers with him. He disenfranchised himself and refused to vote in elections. His movement was to be purely moral. He at the same time embraced the most extreme doctrine of non-resistance and of opposition to all war. This, no doubt, was a clear moral position, but it assumed either that slavery was, like murder, a crime not to be tolerated for a moment, or that all hopes of gradual and peaceful abolition were gone. Moreover, by cutting the South adrift the negro would have been abandoned to his fate.

To declare war against the Union and against the Constitution was to dash yourself against a sentiment which though not absolutely moral or deserving to be laid in the moral balance against a strictly moral principle, was at all events a good deal more respectable than the sordid servility of Wall Street or the passions of an Irish mob. The feeling of the Americans for the Union was perhaps as high and as worthy of tender treatment as anything connected with self-aggrandisement can be. About the strength of the feeling there can be no doubt. It has had force since the war to reconcile those who fought on opposite sides in that long and desperate struggle and to bring the soldiers of Lee and Meade together as brethren on the field of Gettysburg.

A certain portion of the anti-slavery men refused to follow Garrison's lead and continued as the "Liberty Party" to combine moral with political action. No doubt in their relations with the regular political parties they were awkwardly placed, and the practical result of their movement was small; but it seems to us that there was more reason in their course than

Garrison's biographers are willing to allow. We find it difficult to convince ourselves that in any circumstances a man can be justified in renouncing his character as a citizen and refuse to give his country the benefit of his conscientious vote. When the time came Garrison had to admit that the Republican party, on the whole, had been the anti-slavery party, and even that it had made great sacrifices for that cause. Surely this was a practical reason, not perhaps for identifying himself with the party, but for supporting it against its adversary all along.

The moral movement and the political movement, however, went on in their different planes. The overbearing domination of the slave-owners, and especially the challenge which they were indiscreet enough to fling to the Northern conscience in the Fugitive Slave law, provoked political resistance, which gradually became instinct with the moral sentiment; so that the two forces began to be blended. Garrison found himself receiving orations and placed in the seat of honour, where before he had been mobbed, pelted, and dragged out to be hanged. Meantime the march of events was quickened. Judge Taney, with an abominable frankness, defined slavery in terms which brought its iniquity home to every mind and stabbed the public conscience to the quick. John Brown, with fevered brain, fired what proved to be the first shot of civil war. Then came the election of Lincoln, which the slave-owner with good reason took as a proof that his "peculiar institution" was no longer safe in the Union. Garrison's biographers have honestly recounted the ignominious efforts made by Congress at the last moment to lure the South back into the Union by tendering increased securities for slavery. They and all reasonable Americans must see that the English or any other foreigners could hardly be expected to look behind these acts of Congress and to regulate

their sympathies on the hypothesis that people who declared their willingness to establish slavery immutably and for ever were really in arms for abolition. However, the firing on Fort Sumter ended parley, and there was civil war.

What was Garrison, the repealer of the Union, the anathematiser of the Constitution, the non-resistance man, and preacher against all war, to do in face of war, and of a war professedly undertaken to restore the Union and maintain the Constitution? As might have been expected, his theoretic principles gave way to practical policy. He said that when he had declared the Constitution to be "A covenant with death and an agreement with hell," he never thought that death and hell would secede from the Constitution. And as to fighting, he said that those who did it were not upon the plane of Jesus, but only upon that of Moses and Gideon, winking hard for the time at the difference between the two dispensations. His practical good sense told him that at any rate it was a battle between a Slave Power and a Free Power in which he ought to be on the side of the Free Power. He cast in his lot, in effect, heartily with the Republican party and with the war. John Bright, a Quaker, opposed in principle to all war, took the same line.

He did not at first give his full confidence to Lincoln, nor was he, or any one but a blind partisan, called upon to do so. Lincoln was a Western politician who had risen by the same arts as the rest of his class, and had been nominated not so much for his merits as because he had the Illinois vote. He turned out infinitely better than those who brought him forward had any right to expect. His character proved admirable, and was most useful in giving tone to the nation during the struggle. But his ability after all was chiefly shown in keeping that touch with popular sentiment, the cultivation of which is the supreme study of the politician. The writers

of these volumes have to admit that his plans for dealing with the slavery question in the Border States by means of indemnities were mistaken and almost fatuous. Nor can it be said that the war was ably administered while the management was in his hands. The great service which Grant rendered was that of taking the war out of the hands of all the civilians and grasping it in his own. Of finance Lincoln was ignorant, and the story was credible which made him, when told that funds ran low, ask whether the printing-machine had given out. How he would have dealt with the most difficult problem of all, that of Reconstruction, nobody knows. Lincoln's martyrdom to the great cause, combined with the pride felt in exalting an American "railsplitter" above all the statesmanship of the Old World, have, we cannot help thinking, led the Americans to raise Lincoln to an unapproachable pinnacle of glory as a statesman on which, when the final judgment of history is pronounced, he will hardly remain. America may perhaps yet produce a greater man. Garrison, however, soon recognised the worth of Lincoln's character and his integrity of purpose through all the clouds thrown over them by the necessities of an equivocal position, perhaps also by the ingrained habits of the politician; and he cordially supported Lincoln's re-election. In this he formed a contrast to Wendell Phillips whose fiery spirit would brook no delay, and whose eloquence was greater than his judgment.

The war began as a constitutional struggle for the restoration of the Union, the moral object of abolishing slavery being thrown into the background or actually abjured. But, as the conflict went on, the progress of opinion, and still more of feeling, conspired with the necessities of war to make it a struggle for emancipation. In the end, Garrison and the moral movement rode in the car of victory into Charlestown. "One of the most impressive scenes," says one who

was there, "I have witnessed was Wm. Lloyd Garrison standing at the grave of John C. Calhoun." The tomb was a great marble slab, with the name of the great statesman of slavery as the sole and sufficient epitaph.

Garrison stands almost alone among agitators in having closed not only his agitation but his public career when the object of his movement was gained, showing decisively thereby that he had been animated not by restless ambition but by devotion to his cause. Wendell Phillips insisted on going on, and go on he did from one agitation to another to the end of his passionate and stormy life. Garrison behaved to Phillips on the occasion with perfect generosity, nor did Phillips fail to respond. "In my experience," he said, "of well nigh thirty years I have never met the anti-slavery man or woman who had struck any effectual blow at the slave system of this country whose action was not born out of the heart and conscience of Wm. Lloyd Garrison." So in spite of the efforts of mischief-makers to stir up rivalry, Paul and Barnabas parted in peace.

At the close of the year 1865, Garrison set with his own hands the final paragraph to the Valedictory in the last number of *The Liberator*, the little group in the printing office standing silently round and witnessing the closing act. A more solemn moment there could hardly be in any life. After this, there came only congratulations and orations, which Garrison accepted with frank delight and without undue elation. He accepted also without any affected reluctance the very moderate provision which public gratitude made for his old age. In an address of thanks for a watch presented to him as a testimonial, he said that if it had been a rotten egg he should have felt more at home in acknowledging it. A man who has been long inured to abuse may really be disconcerted by praise. It may even at first produce an unpleasant sensation as something strange and suspicious.

Garrison lived on to 1879 in quiet retirement, but still taking an interest in public affairs and writing about them in journals. Among other things he vigorously denounced Mr. Blaine, who was bidding for the presidency by advocating the exclusion of the Chinese. We should have liked to hear more, and it is curious that we do not hear more, of his opinions about Reconstruction and of the future of the negro at the South. From one passage we should gather that he recognised the political inferiority of the negroes and had some misgivings, as well he might have, with regard to their capacity for immediate enfranchisement. "When was it ever known," he says in reply to one who had complained of Lincoln's hesitation, "that liberation from bondage was accompanied by a recognition of political equality? Chattels personal may be instantly translated from the auction-block into freemen; but when were they ever taken at the same time to the ballot-box and invested with all political rights and immunities? According to the laws of development and progress it is not practicable." Attention to the laws of development and progress might perhaps have modified his language, even about slavery itself, though it need not have changed his practical course. But no reason is given us for doubting that he heartily accepted the measure when it came. His mind, however, was not that of a statesman, nor had he the ken which pierces futurity. He was simply an organ of public morality and the soul of a revolt against a great domination of wrong.

Out of the grave of slavery has arisen the terrible problem of the races, and a dark cloud hangs over the future of the Southern States. Some may have begun to doubt whether Garrison's original policy of repealing the Union might not after all have been the best for the North. But whatever may be the issue, there need be no misgiving as to the measure of gratitude due to the overthrowers of

slavery. There lies before me a copy of the *City Ordinances of Atlanta*, which fell into the hands of the captors when Sherman's army entered the city. It is a hideous monument of the system and dissipates at once any idea that the institution was educational or could have for its object or effect the gradual elevation of the negro. To keep the negro down; to prevent him from plying even any little industry which might raise his condition and give him a taste of independence; to keep him at a level barely above that of a brute beast, is evidently the object of the legislators. The book is instinct with the spirit of a Reign of Terror which must have been as deadly to the character of the white as to that of the slave himself. And by economical necessity, as well as by temper, slavery was not stationary; it was propagandist and aggressive.

Even the incidents reproduced in this brief notice are enough to show that Garrison was not without his weak points. We can understand that to people of cool temperament and strong political tendencies, even if they were not slave-owners, he may have appeared fanatical. He never takes a historical view of the question, nor does he distinguish between household slavery, which, in the household of a Virginian gentleman such as Washington, was probably not intolerable, and plantation slavery, with its Legrees, which was the real abomination. The particular evil against which he fought was in his

eyes the sum of all evils, and its abolition was to bring new heavens and a new earth. This is only saying that he was a moral crusader. But we repeat that of the moral crusader he is an excellent type. We see no trace in his life of the selfishness of vanity or leadership any more than of selfishness of any other kind. Nor amidst all his hard fighting and his vehemence, which under persecution and calumny was sometimes pardonably excessive, does he seem even to have become embittered. In his Valedictory he expresses his pleasure at finding himself no longer in conflict with the mass of his fellow-countrymen, and we have no doubt that he spoke from his heart. As a private citizen he more than fulfilled all righteousness, and his home life seems to have been altogether virtuous, affectionate and sweet.

The scale of the first two volumes, which threatened portentous length, has not been kept up, and four portly volumes comprise the whole. But four portly volumes are at least three volumes and a half too much for a *Life of Garrison* which is to be read and to keep his memory alive. These are the archives of the Anti-Slavery Movement which their custodians have no doubt done right in placing in the muniment room of history. Now let them give the world a short life of the leader of that movement.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

GETTING READY.

A MARCH DAY'S DIARY.

March 17th.—Life in a town is on the whole comfortable, convenient, and warm; but how difficult it is there to get a sight of anything but your street, and a section of a cloudy heaven above it! You must be content to see your sunset caught by a church-steeple; you search in vain for a cross street at the end of which the full blaze in the west can be enjoyed. You would hardly know, but for the weather-cock, what wind is blowing, unless, indeed, it be a grim north-easter; for the breeze that blows steadily in the country loses its way at the street-corner, and comes twisting round in most uncertain trepidation, trying to get quickly out of this unwholesome labyrinth without regard to its proper direction. And you are quite in the dark as to what that wind is doing in the open country. Our street may be sloppy with a plaster of half-melted snow, while a mile out of the town all is fast bound in frost; and a man may con his books or his accounts unconscious of disturbance, while a full gale is roaring on the distant hill-top.

To get out of a town usually needs something of a struggle, but the struggle does not last long. When the noisy chaos of the station has been left behind, we glide out into the fields with just that sensation of calm that I imagine a duck must feel when it slides softly into the water after a period of waddling and quacking. We can sit back and survey such part of the sky as the window of an English railway carriage reveals to us; and almost at once we begin to divine that Nature is getting ready. For here and there, though it is but the middle of March, dark drifting curtains of filmy cloud are driven

slantingly along the horizon by a wind from the south; and these are nothing less than the forerunners of April showers. The grass of the meadows is getting green, and the plough-lands are red or ochreous beyond their wont; and as we pass a certain familiar cutting, I feel sure that the sweet violets are coming into bloom in the short turf above it.

And when the half-hour of travel is over and we mount to the railway-bridge and let our eyes wander in unobstructed freedom round the whole country-side, all these impressions are in an instant verified; Nature is really getting ready for summer, and all things animate and inanimate are at work for her.

A few weeks—nay, a few days ago, as I walked up this same road, everything was still; hardly a human being was to be seen, and the country wore that dull and unvaried look that sunless days in winter always give it. Now there is life and stir all round us. At the inn by the station there is a sale of cattle, and the road is beset with bullocks and pigs, all afflicted with that perverseness which these occasions bring out in them so strikingly, to the detriment of the moral character of their drivers. From the other side of the hedge comes a subdued chorus of bleating, and now I see that three adventurous lambs, who have passed the age of infancy, have forced their way through a gap, and are trying to see something of the world in a busy high road. No shepherd is near, and I take on myself—and a first delicious taste it is of country life—to drive these children back into their nursery, and to fence up the gap with a stray stick or two out of the hedge. Then, as the road

turns sharp and brings me face to face with the village at a half mile's distance, I see black objects crossing the sky in every direction, but moving always either to or from the elms and sycamores that cluster round the church tower. As the leafless trees stand out against the light, every nest is revealed; and I see at once that the same change is going on which we have noticed of late years, that the rooks are gradually leaving the once favourite elm, and that the competition for the favourite sycamore must be a very trying one this year. The tree is not a big one, but there are a score of nests in its highest branches. It is a middle-aged tree, robust and compact, while the elm, as the rooks no doubt can guess from the feel of its swaying in a high wind, is verging towards the evening of its stately, untroubled existence.

A little further up the road, on a warm bank facing the west, I see here and there the golden star of a celandine peeping rather shyly through the grass. Our country is high and rather bleak, and I have known a great part of even April pass without a single celandine meeting my eye. When that does happen, I know that the key-note of spring is struck. I must go some way to find primroses or violets, and so it is that I look out for the celandine with far greater interest than for these. It is like the chiffchaff among birds; neither is very fashionable, but each is very convincing.

Here are the village allotments, in two valuable fields of twenty acres in all. Great is the change since I was last here. Then they were a sodden and untidy prairie of old cabbage-stalks, occasionally varied by the ruins of a scare-crow—some old hat or bonnet perched on the top of a pole, sloping westwards to show the prevalence of east winds of late, or a string bedizened with fragments of colourless cloth and ribbon stretched between two crazy sticks. Now these allotments are full of living creatures, all getting something ready. The human

beings—women, many of them—have already cleared away most of the cabbage-stalks, and now in the sunlight the stretches of freshly-dug earth gleam rich and brown, nay, almost red, where the digging is only just finished. This same earth was in the dead of this damp winter a sodden sticky black crust, beaten hard with rain, and greasy with decaying vegetation; now it is changed and fresh in colour, smell, and touch.

Here too the rooks are very busy; so intent upon their work of clearing off grubs and worms from the newly-turned soil, that they fear neither human beings, with whom at this time of year they seem to feel a fellowship of labour, nor the obsolete scarecrows which they have long treated with contempt. And over the allotments, at a well-maintained height of seventy or eighty feet, the traffic of these black labourers is continuous and worth watching. From their trees they must pass over the allotments, and then over a little valley and stream, to reach a vast extent of plough-land, which in two or three weeks they will be clearing of grubs for their young. At present many are still at work on the nests, and from meadow and plough-land alike, they come home slowly, bearing burdens of all kinds, deposit them in the nests, and after a bit of wholesome quarrelling are off again at a far quicker speed. On a rainy day I have timed them each way, and found the return journey always much the slower of the two; and well it may be, if they will persist in carrying articles three feet long, like yonder bird, whose efforts to convey himself and a long curved stick through a high wind result in a series of tacks and tumbles ludicrous to behold. Why did he seize it at one end, instead of in the middle?

There is one change, however, which has not taken place in the allotments; and as this is the solitary exception where everything is getting ready, it seems to demand a word. The gate by which every one has to enter, a gate on

that account much used and abused, is what we expressively call here so very *shackety*, that I should never suppose it capable of living through another season, if I had not already known it survive so many. It has been so often patched up that one might doubt, as the philosopher did of the sacred ship of Athens, whether it is any longer the same gate it was five years ago. It can be latched with a great effort, and then it hangs tolerably secure; but no sooner is it unlatched than it subsides downwards in a palsied helplessness; its timbers all seem to fall away from each other, and you have to drag it groaning through the mud, before you can open a space sufficient to pass through. Its distemper is chronic, and no one seems to know what doctor to call in, or who is to pay him. Pitying this ancient and decrepit servant of the village, I myself usually jump over the low loose wall by the side of the gate-post; and here it was that one day I nearly put my foot on an open book which was lying on the top, with a couple of stones on the pages to keep them open at one place. I was in a hurry, jumped over it, and was going on; but thinking it an odd circumstance I returned and looked at the book. It was an old Bible, without its cover and not indeed complete; but it was open at the third chapter of Nehemiah, and my eyes fell upon these words: "Moreover the old gate repaired Jehoiada the son of Paseah, and Meshullam the son of Besodeiah; they laid the beams thereof, and set up the doors thereof, and the locks thereof, and the bars thereof." There is much more to the same effect to be found in this chapter; and though no ardent Jehoiada, no thorough-going son of Besodeiah, has since then appeared in our allotments, this inarticulate cry for help has produced at least a little fresh patching. Who it was who thus preferred to let his Bible speak for him, I know not; probably some old fellow, for I doubt whether the rising generation, when once they arrive at the haven of the fourth standard, ever

care to set out on their travels in anything that can be called a book, much less in that one which was the only spiritual guide, the only earthly literature of their fathers for many ages. "What we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one," and our fathers are still living in their descendants in many a remote village.

In the whole of the allotments this poor gate is the only object that is not being touched to-day by some kind of a newness of life, for even the stone wall itself can show a few stray weeds or grasses beginning to shoot out of its chinks. Let us leave it and stroll round the further fields before the sun leaves us; it is quieter there, and we shall hear what birds are singing.

The first song we hear is a chaffinch's, and it is a song about which I have something to say. This bird has indeed for some time been getting its song ready, and now, in all the splendour of spring plumage, is singing it without a mistake all round us; but do not suppose that it has been able to achieve this without hard practice. I have never seen the process described, and even of bird-lovers but few, I fancy, notice it; so it may not be amiss to put it down here. It is usually in the first week of February that I catch the first feeble effort, on some sunny morning in the Broad Walk at Oxford; but if the weather is fine I listen even earlier, and this year I heard the welcome sound on January 31st in the same place. To show how a single warm day will produce the same effect in different places, I may mention that a letter received this morning tells me that it was on the same morning that the chaffinch began to sing at Cheltenham. Mr. E. J. Lowe, writing from Chepstow to *Nature*, a short time ago, stated that his chaffinches never quite dropped their song all this last warm winter; but he has informed me privately that it was imperfect and fragmentary.

Very fragmentary indeed is it when I first hear it at Oxford. Let me explain it by a comparison which may be

startling, but is none the less useful. Some of my younger friends who have learnt a song or two from me, know the chaffinch as "the bowling bird," because the only strain it can sing resembles the normal action of a bowler at cricket. Two slowish steps, three or four quicker ones, and a jerk, made with some effort, describe fairly the bowler's action; two slowish notes, three or four quicker ones, and a jerk or twist of the voice—a quick rise and a fall—also make up the full and normal song of the bird. Now when the first practice is beginning, it is just as if an old bowler who had been laid low, let us say by influenza this sickly season, were to find himself incapable of getting much beyond his first two steps. When he gets into the quicker ones, he comes to grief from weakness, and the ball drops from his hand. So with the bird; it is really more from the tone that I divine he is at work, than any recognition of the old familiar strain. But when I have once made sure, I listen and hear him struggling to get on a bit, rushing valiantly at his quick notes perhaps, and only stopping short at the final jerk. If the next morning be fine, I shall no doubt hear even this last crowning glory of his song feebly hinted at, and then, having got so far, an ardent and assiduous bird, who wishes to be beforehand in his courting, will sit on the same branch for an hour together and "bowl" away in the wildest fashion, wide of the net at each delivery, frequently collapsing entirely in the middle of his action, but ever returning to the charge, determined to hit the wicket before he leaves his perch. I have often been the only audience while this has been going on, and once I remember laughing out loud at the absurdity of the performance. To any one who knows well the full and perfect song, there is nothing more comical in nature; yet the bird is very much in earnest, for much of the coming season's happiness may depend on the results of this persistent practice.

Why the chaffinch should stand alone among birds in the trouble he has with his song, is more than I can explain;

I know at present no other whose song is not almost perfect from the first day of singing. If I am to make a guess, it would be that this bird's song is curiously stereotyped to a particular form, which needs an effort each time it is gone through, and that to get it perfect a fair amount of warmth and bodily vigour are necessary; while others, whose musical range is more elastic, can accommodate their voices to their bodily condition without producing ludicrous results. And I may call the yellow-hammer as a witness to my theory; for he, whose song is also stereotyped in one mould,—that which is familiar to us all as "a little bit of bread and no cheese,"—will rarely bring out his "cheese" in his first spring effort, and is at all times liable to drop it, if he be in a lazy or melancholy mood.

Other birds are singing, thrushes, robins, dunnocks, wrens, greenfinches; but I have said my say about one song, and doubtless quite enough for my readers. Let us notice what else is getting ready, in these fields that slope down to the brook. The starlings seem to be in a state of transition, as becomes them about the equinox; of course they have been getting ready for weeks, but some at least of them stick to their habits of the winter, for there are flights of them hurrying westward to their roosting-place beyond the hills, where the sun will soon be setting. Birds that can still do this have hardly yet begun to nest.

It is really in the grass and the plough-land that I see most change since my last visit. This meadow slopes before me to the west, and the sun, now close on the hill-top, fills all the grass with light, making the old brown tufts stand out distinctly amid the fresh growth of to-day. Those old tufts remind me of snow, and of Keats's hare that "limped trembling through the frozen grass"; these warm, green patches, of the boundless growth of buttercups that is to come, of exhausted cows on a hot June day, of all that wealth of summer rain that

no farmer seems to be able to foretell and anticipate. Thought might wander on at will, but my eye catches a new token of business (in the real sense of that sorrily handled word) in the abundant mole-heaps that crowd the slope a little further on.

These indefatigable little animals have been at work since January, when their favourite hunting-grounds suddenly showed an eruption of little brown hillocks; and now you see here and there among these a small stick thrust into the ground, which marks the spot where a trap has been set. Numbers are caught (their death, let me say, is almost instantaneous, for their lives seem to be always hanging by a very slender thread which can be broken by the slightest tap with a stick); but this seems to make little difference, and every morning shows a fresh eruption. Mark Pattison, who was fond of puzzling people, once told me that he had "posed" a distinguished man of science by asking him why the moles in our vast Oxford water-meadows are not each winter destroyed by the floods. Certain it is that in spite of the worst deluges we ever suffer there, the moles are on the spot again as soon as ever the water has cleared away. Ever since then I have kept an eye on the mole-heaps, and in fact have often wandered up and down these valleys, noticing their lie and order in the meadows; and find that these wary creatures do not often trust themselves out of reach of all means of retreat to higher ground. They live for the most part in those pleasant gently sloping fields that lie just above the flat alluvial meadows, and here or in the adjoining hedgerows you find their winter homes—huge mounds with a convenient series of passages, and with a warm nest of cut grass in a large chamber deep down in the centre. Hence they issue forth on hunting expeditions after worms in the water-meadows; for worms and water are their two chief wants. Once or twice I have found their fortresses in what at first looked a perilous spot, in the

flat ground close to a stream; but never in any place constantly liable to flood. And here, where we stand now, looking down on the little green valley with its brook, I can clearly distinguish the parts where the water is apt to lie for a day or two in wet weather, by the entire absence of moleheaps.

And now the sun is behind the hill, and we will turn homewards by the path that skirts this ploughed field, whose freshly-harrowed surface shows red lights and shadows in the sunset, reminding me of the coat of a little red Devonshire cow. The deeps and hollows in that almost furry coat have a way of treating the sunshine which was a constant pleasure to me when staying at an Exmoor farm-house; and here is the same rough broken surface, changed from brown to various reds by the sunset behind me. Still more magical is the work of the sunset on the blue smoke that is now rising in every direction from the allotments, when the labourers are setting fire to the heaps of weeds they have been collecting. It drifts quietly away with the evening breeze, and spreads over the whole land; and then as the sun sets, a wonderful transformation scene takes place. All outlines lose their clearness; all strong colours become subdued; all objects are seen through a soft veil of pale violet, which clothes the whole country-side in such a tissue of quiet russets and lilacs as I will not attempt to describe. It is this weed-burning which makes the dulllest open country so beautiful in sunny evenings of March and September, and always forbids me to shut up my windows until the light has almost vanished, and I can see nothing but a flame breaking out here and there from a heap whose moisture has at last been exhausted in smoke.

The process of getting ready involves the destruction of old things, as well as the appearance of new ones. As with the vegetation of last year, so too with the human population of our village. One or two at least of our oldest plants are sure to

fail and die before each spring comes round. In particular I miss one old acquaintance, a gamekeeper in his younger days, who had a good deal to tell of birds and beasts, and will go down to posterity in Mr. Aplin's work on *The Birds of Oxfordshire*. He was fond, like the inimitable ancient maltster in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, of telling you of his great age, and I once asked him if he remembered anything of the Waterloo times. He looked round at me with the one eye he possessed, and said tentatively:

"'Twas Wellin'ton as won the prize at the battle o' Waterloo, wasn't it, sir?"

I assured him that his memory had not deceived him. "Ay," he went on, "but 'twas old Blucher (he pronounced the 'ch' soft) as done all the vightin'; why Wellin'ton was a-dancin' away at a ball till old Blucher come up!"

Where Mr. Cook got hold of these odds and ends of truth, I have no idea. He is now gathered to his fathers, and has vanished away from us like the smoke.

March 18th.—Another beautiful and sunny morning, though the wind is veering round to the east. A stroll through the fields brings me to a hedge which has lately been lopped; the superfluous branches are lying on the grass in bundles. It is one of our warmest spots, and I am always on

the look-out for birds there. I have just been watching those birds of winter, the fieldfares, gathered in numbers on some trees, and chattering excitedly as if they were about to leave us. Suddenly a little brown thing flits out of one of the bundles of branches, hovers a minute in the air, and returns to shelter. There is not a bird among all our winter residents that would flit into the air like that, nor one that would creep among the twigs exactly as he is creeping now. Out he comes again, plays in the air for a second, and alights on another bundle a few yards further on. I have no longer any doubt, but my glass makes assurance doubly sure; it is the chifchaff, the first of our summer birds, the first traveller to reach us from Africa and the warm south. He seems to have divined that we have been early in getting ready for him, and has accepted our invitation at an earlier date than I ever remember in these uplands. He has probably come up the valley, following the windings of the stream where he can always find both insects and shelter. At this point he has left it, and is making his way up the hedges till he arrives at his last year's home, where he can await the later arrival of a bride; soon his merry double note will be heard from elm or wood-side, announcing that all is ready for her.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

OUR BOYS IN FLORIDA.

FROM my experience in many countries I am inclined to think that it is well that an emigrant to a new land and entirely new conditions of life should make his acquaintance with them while yet a boy. I believe that trying first one thing and then another in the old country, and ultimately drifting out to our colonies or the United States as a last and unavoidable resource, is not calculated to make the life more palatable or the chances of success more secure. A lad of fifteen or sixteen has yet to form his ideas of actual life and the labour it invariably imposes, and by coming young to the work involved in a colonial life he is all the more likely to fit into the circumstances of his position, and mature his strength and form his ideas in harmony with his surroundings. To be contented is more than half the battle, and unless there is a certain sympathy between one's inner feelings and daily experience, this half of the battle is almost sure to be lost.

So much for going out young to the new life. Now for the two cardinal questions,—where to go, and what to do? The second question can be generally answered in the reply to the first, for in most instances the country, or part of the country, you select to go to determines the sort of work you will have to do. If, for instance, you emigrate to New Mexico or Alberta, it will be for cattle-ranching; if to Ontario or Virginia, it will be for mixed farming; if to Quebec Island, for sheep-farming; if to Nova Scotia or Maryland, for fruit-growing—more especially apples and pears; and if to Florida, also for fruit-growing, but more especially for oranges and lemons and other semi-tropical fruit. Yet in all these locali-

ties there is work of other kinds for a minority. The carpenter would not find himself out of place in any, the store-keeper is a necessity in all; and the handy all-round man, who can make a pair of trousers, mend a rail-fence, patch a pair of boots, shoe a horse, cook a good dinner, and add spice to its consumption by his own conviviality, is welcome everywhere.

In Florida, then, the work before the young emigrant is, primarily, orange-growing and, secondarily, fruit-growing. I hope to show in the course of this article that this is more pleasant and more suitable for the majority of young fellows who emigrate than the life of the farmer or the cowboy; that a lad can learn all he needs to know without banishing himself from civilization, and that he can earn a living without drudgery, and reap a good profit without sacrificing all other considerations.

In the first place a word or two about Florida may be useful even in these educated days. It is a land of lakes, and yet is practically a vast plain. There is no need for me to go into the geological reasons for this peculiarity; it is sufficient for our day that such is the geographical fact. Again, Florida is pierced by long and navigable rivers, expanding ever and again into lakes and lagoons. And yet once more: Florida is surrounded on three sides by water; on the west by the heated Gulf of Mexico, and on the east by the no less heated waters of the Gulf Stream, which pour into the Atlantic round the southern headlands of Florida and roll over the cooler ocean as a river of warm water. The State of Florida, then, may be said to be absolutely controlled by water. It is a land which is fostered to an exceptional extent by its surroundings, its

smaller lakes forming centres to which settlement gravitates, its larger lakes forming highways of travel and commerce. Its rivers are no less attractive than useful, and preserve numbers of fruit-growers from the rapacity of the railway companies by affording an alternative means of transport. The surrounding waters of the ocean and the gulf provide the peninsula with refreshing and comparatively cool breezes, while they temper the extremes of heat and cold which are common to the majority of the United States. They moderate the climate and all climatic tendencies, and the result is that Florida, though semi-tropical, is essentially temperate.

Thus much about the country whither our boys may go. Now for the question, what can they do there? First and foremost, they can grow oranges. There is no other state on the North American Continent in which they can do this,—save one. This exception is California, only a small portion of which is suitable for oranges. Moreover, California has from three to four thousand miles between it and the great centres of population, the markets for the produce. Florida stands practically alone as the orange-growing state. It has no real rival in America, and it need fear none from the Mediterranean or the Azores, for a good Florida orange yields to none in its delicacy of flavour and luscious consistency. Next to oranges come lemons. The great difficulty hitherto experienced was the immense size to which the lemons grew and which the growers seemed unable to prevent. The wisdom which comes with years, however, has shown them that the lemon may be picked from the tree when it reaches the desired size and then wrapped in tissue paper and packed. In a few days it changes from green to the familiar yellow hue, and is then placed on the market. Lemons pay just as well as oranges, and some people claim that they pay better. These are the two great crops of Florida. They may be grown with success if a man has capital, but without as much

as £1,500 or £2,000 it is absurd to venture on orange-growing as a sole means of subsistence. As an adjunct it is another matter, for if a man has only £100 I would say, buy your own ten-acre patch and plant forty or fifty trees whenever you can afford it. The man who does this is banking his money where it will not be lost, is providing against the possible rainy day, and is most certainly laying the foundations of a snug little business by and by.

Those who lack the necessary capital for orange growing embark on *trucking*, or vegetable-growing, instead. This is simply the market-garden business with a difference. All lesser fruits, and to a certain extent some vegetables, have to be put on the market before the usual season. For example, an enormous number of crates of strawberries are despatched to Philadelphia, New York, St. Louis, Chicago, and numerous other vast centres in February and March. Then, and then only, will they pay the cost of carriage. In April Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, and one or two other States come into competition; by the middle of May the fruit is a drug in the market. It is here that Florida favours the trucker: he can reckon on marketing his strawberries by February and on commanding the prices. In that month strawberries are selling at a dollar a quart in New York, and this, it may easily be imagined, leaves a handsome margin of profit for the producer.

But there is another market for the trucker, one nearer home and less unstable. Florida has some large cities, which year by year are increasing in population. Its winter—some four or five months of beautiful weather—attracts enormous hordes of tourists from the frost-bound north. The hotels of Jacksonville alone register from sixty to eighty thousand visitors in this season. The palatial hotels which are scattered up and down the St. John's river and elsewhere throughout Florida are thronged with guests who have come to spend money and enjoy themselves. Whence can

these get vegetables, salads, fruits for the table, fruits for that everlasting consumption which never ceases during the waking hours of the American who is having "a good time"? The Florida trucker is at hand; he is there to satisfy the ever-growing demand. He settles near some good centre, and there are many; he has some five to forty acres, according to his means, under cultivation; an acre of strawberries here, an acre of cauliflowers there, ten acres of potatoes beyond. He settles near, in order to save carriage and the inevitable injury that transport does his produce; he prospers, because he is in a position to know exactly what is wanted, and what he must supply, and can make contracts with the hotel-proprietors or wholesale market-dealers. There is an ever-increasing number of Englishmen engaged in this work, and I know many men and properties that are realising really handsome returns.

This, then, is the work which English lads go out to learn. They select, according to their command of capital, the lot of the orange-grower or that of the trucker. The majority prefer the life of the former and elect to follow it; but there can be little doubt that the majority should be the other way. The life of the orange-grower is easier, and certainly more remunerative in proportion to the labour involved, but he has put all his eggs into one basket, and the risk is considerably enhanced. It is different with the trucker. If his strawberries fail, his lettuces may redeem the balance; tomatoes and potatoes may be relied upon to make up the loss he might sustain on his cabbages, and so on. The life is less attractive than that of the man who looks from the piazza of his bungalow upon long radiating lines of glorious orange-trees, who sees amid their dark glossy foliage the twinkling globes of their golden harvest, and who mentally reckons up in his mind the formidable total in dollars he expects to net. So far, so good. But he must nevertheless be

anxious, for there are enemies lurking about; various insects who fasten on the trees and hinder their growth while they prevent their production, and there is, once in a long while certainly, but still possibly an annual visitor, a hard frost. The great frost however of 1885—the hardest Florida has known for fifty years—killed comparatively few trees. Such of the crop as was left on the trees was pretty generally destroyed; but frost rarely occurs in December, and by the end of that month the bulk of the crop should be harvested.

The majority of young Englishmen who migrate to Florida do so in the capacity of pupils. They go to some orange or fruit-grower, who boards, lodges, and teaches—in other words, *works* them—for remuneration varying from £50 to £100 a year. I have noted the pupil-system with some care, and I am of opinion that in spite of its defects it justifies its existence. Numbers of young fellows go out to this State who are too young to start on their own account, and in any case too inexperienced to be allowed to do so. In any new country experience is worth money, and this is especially true with regard to Florida. The £50 or £60—and the latter is I consider quite enough to pay, considering one's labour is given where labour commands a high price—which is paid to the orange-grower is a judicious investment. An average lad picks up a lot of useful knowledge in a year, and he at least learns what chiefly to avoid in buying land and rearing crops. If the life and the country do not suit him, he can leave them behind without having spent a penny more than he would have done at home or elsewhere. He has plunged into no business intricacies out of which he can only disentangle himself with loss, and at the end of the year he is free to go elsewhere, or able to start as a fruit-grower himself with every prospect of success.

This first start in business is generally shared by one or more of his fellow-pupils, and the partners live or

batch, as it is called, together in one house, each taking turns to do the cooking. But before this stage is reached I will briefly sketch the main outlines of the previous stage, the era of pupildom, so as to give some idea of the life so many young Englishmen, of ages varying from fifteen to twenty and even more, lead during their first year in Florida.

After a good night's rest,—for even in summer the nights are cool and pleasant—the orange-grower in embryo turns out about five A.M. and, slipping on flannel shirt and trousers and an easy pair of untanned leather boots, proceeds to feed the stock. This includes the horse or horses, the cows (if any stalled), and the poultry. Poultry are thought a good deal of in Florida, and in country districts where beef is tough and not always easy to get it is not surprising that poultry and fish should form the staple of consumption on the dinner-table. Moreover the droppings of poultry are excellent for the orange-trees, and it is no uncommon thing to keep them in the grove in movable pens. These pens are formed of hurdles some ten feet in height and are moved every few days. This, also, the pupil will have to do.

About seven o'clock all this early work will be finished, and breakfast claims attention. I say claims, but the claiming, if not the clamouring, is all on the other side! Young fellows, who in England have only got out of bed at five o'clock in the morning by accident and who have never done two hours work before breakfast, find this stock-feeding a marvellous whet to the appetite. Some take a cup of coffee and a biscuit when they turn out, and it may be as well that they should. In any case I have never known it prejudicial to their performances at the breakfast-table two hours later. Breakfast itself consists of coffee or tea, eggs, some made dish, and stewed fruit. A man who takes pupils keeps a negro cook (male or female), and the food is palatable

enough; but it is very different when the emancipated pupil blossoms out into a grower of oranges and at the same time into a cooker of meals! The result for a long time at any rate, is—but let us draw a veil!

After breakfast and a general talk over the work of the day, all hands turn out on to the grove or the garden. The grove occasionally needs ploughing or harrowing, but the sandy soil is so light that the labour is not to be compared to that of the farmer, or his plough to the instrument in use in Florida. The plough is in fact so light that you can guide it with one hand, and the labour is easily borne by a mere lad. It is not such hard work as running a mowing-machine over an English lawn, but it is warmer. This ploughing and harrowing of the grove is done rather frequently, as the soil is apt to cake, and consequently a rearrangement of its constituents is required for air and moisture to percolate to the lower stratum. Similarly, in working the garden, the lightness of the soil is all in one's favour. In fact—and this covers every kind of labour in Florida but tree-felling and hummock-clearing, work which should invariably be done by the negro—there is no really hard labour in growing either fruits or vegetables in Florida. In summer, when it is hot, even light work is laborious at noon; but no one in his senses will work in the full heat of the summer sun. Some men do, and I have met men who have done so for two or three seasons without any apparent injury, but this does not alter the case. It is too powerful a test to apply to the constitution of one accustomed by heredity and habit to a northern climate, and in the great majority of cases where it has been applied the result has been bad. For it must always be remembered that the climate of Florida is healthy so long as a man keeps himself in good condition and obeys those natural laws which are imperative in sub-tropical as well as tropical climates. But the moment liberties are taken I guarantee the settler

from a northern land no immunity from ague or malaria. And malaria, although in the great majority of cases but a slight affair, can be very nasty, very malignant, and extremely painful.

Throughout the summer and autumn, then, out-door work is knocked off at ten A.M. and not resumed till about four P.M. or even later. About four hours work a day on a grove will keep it in perfect condition, and there is no need for more. Some will loiter about and spread a job of an hour's work over three or four hours. It is a poor policy. From about ten A.M. till four P.M. there is plenty to do one way or another indoors, and these mid-day hours pass pleasantly and all too quickly under the agreeable shade of the broad verandah. At the same time, there is not the slightest danger in simple exposure to the sun. The mid-day hours of the summer are invariably moderated by a strong, fresh breeze, which arises as punctually as clock-work, and I have ridden many a mile and throughout many a day without suffering the slightest inconvenience or harm. It is only work that is likely to prove hurtful; the accelerated action of the heart, the more or less cramped positions, the labour itself, unusual to so many—all these help to weaken the physical strength if persisted in, day after day, through a five months' summer.

The orange-grower has most of his work in the summer; the trucker has his in the autumn and early months of the winter. This is as it should be, for the cultivation of innumerable small plants is much more fatiguing than the culture of some hundreds or even thousands of orange-trees. The autumn is a period of rest to the orange-grower and of activity to the trucker. In the winter the oranges have to be clipped from the branches, sized, wrapped, packed, and marketed. This done, all work in the grove itself is over for a couple of months. Throughout the winter, however, the trucker is busy at work, planting a rapid succession of crops, and not allow-

ing ten square yards of good land to lie fallow for a day. With the summer his slack time arrives; but if he be near a first-rate market it is only comparatively slack. Although there is a demand all the year round in such districts—and in such districts alone—it is safest to reckon the summer as the season of rest. It will not be found an unpleasant one.

I would here give some figures as to actual outlay and returns, but the fact is that so much depends on various conditions that it is impossible to say to one who has never tried the life, "With such and such a capital, you can make two, three, or four hundred a year." Everything depends on the personal equation—on the grower himself. One man will make a good living by trucking with a capital of £500; another will fail dismally. With £2,000 a practical, keen-sighted young fellow should make a good living out of oranges; but another one would hardly make two ends meet with an outlay, perhaps, of twice that sum! So much depends on the man. I know a young fellow—just twenty—who with an original capital of about £200 is now making a good living by trucking. But the first two years he practically supported himself by working for other people. He had picked up a fair knowledge of carpentry before he left the Sussex parsonage which had been his home, and this has stood him in good stead. He has been hard working and persistent, and so he has turned the corner and is now doing well.

I have referred to making a good living. This is what I mean by it. You live in your own house, for which you pay not a farthing of rent; you have your own property from five to forty or more acres in extent; you keep a light buggy, or buck-board, and a horse or mule; you live admirably on poultry, game, fish, meat, vegetables, fruits, fruit-drinks, &c., &c. The only necessities you need buy are meat, tea, coffee, sugar, and clothes. Meat may be dispensed with pretty often. Clothes are expensive throughout America, but

in Florida where a flannel shirt and trousers is the ordinary costume throughout the year, this item does not mount up much. Any one going out from England should take all the old clothes he has. They will come in very usefully when and how he least expects. White flannel shirts are the best, but trousers and coats should be made of grey flannel. It is more durable, I think, and certainly a better material for withstanding dust and dirt.

While on the subject of clothes I would urge upon those who are contemplating migration to Florida (unaccompanied by mothers, sisters, or wives) to master the simpler arts of the needle. To sew on a button without working yourself into a state of irritation and heat which threatens to make yourself and life generally unbearable, is an achievement with which I am fain to think most of the young Englishmen who are *batching* in the pine-woods of Florida are not familiar. To make a button-hole which is not a simple slit with a pruning-knife is an accomplishment to be very much desired by many of my countrymen in Florida. Then, again, how easily learnt, and how useful when learnt, are the rudiments of darning! Ye daughters of England who dwell at home in ease, can you not manage for your brothers to do a little better in this respect? Again, there are hundreds of Englishmen, many mere lads, who are combining the arts of housekeeping with those of arboriculture in the pine-woods. The cookery of these same heroes—for it is nothing short of heroism to enter on such a contest with the raw material—could be more easily imagined than described did the average imagination soar. But it does not, and as the cooking baffles description I had better leave it alone.

Yet I cannot do this without one word to those who sent these lads out

to a new life in a strange country. You have doubtless spent hundreds of pounds on giving them what is called, and called with good reason, the education of a gentleman. But why did you not also hire the baker's man for an hour or two once a week and teach your boy to make bread which does not resemble lead? Why did you not call in the carpenter and have your boy taught to make or mend a door, a chair, a box, a gate, or even how to handle a saw, a plane, and a chisel? You have sent him out to do the work of a labourer without even one day's previous experience of such labour. That nurture, which is not controlled by sense, is often more cruel than neglect. There is many a lad struggling on in squalor in the colonies, who if he had but been taught some simple lessons in common things would be living in comfort and wholesomeness. I have seen young fellows arrive in Florida who, for all the previous preparation they have had for the life they were to lead, might have been cast out there to die, so unprepared were they, so unfitted to live wholesomely!

But it must not be supposed that these victims to parental folly eke out a miserable existence from year's end to year's end. No, despite ill-cooked food and enormous waste, despite dilapidated fences and houses which are all shouting for simple carpentry, these scions of a tenacious race manage to extract most of the honey which life in Florida affords. They do not take work too seriously—many, indeed, not seriously enough, especially those who are settled in the so-called colonies—and they seldom fail to make the calm cool evenings, which render the Florida summers so charming, minister to whatever social relaxation the neighbourhood can supply.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE.

GEORGE WITHER.

JOHN BRIGHT is reported to have said to a friend, "If you come across a quotation in any speech of mine that you don't recognise, it is probably Wither." It is possible that to some of his friends the name might have been as unfamiliar as the quotations; they may even have taken it as a misprint for Whittier. Yet George Wither was a person of no inconsiderable note in his day, and among the voluminous writings which he has left behind him are several passages of rare grace and beauty. His career as an author commenced in 1613, the year which witnessed the production of the last of Shakespeare's dramatic creations, and it only terminated with his death in 1667, the year following the great fire of London. He may be said to have outlived his own fame. Pope refers to him in *The Dunciad* as "wretched Wither," sleeping "among the dull of ancient days, safe where no critics damn;" but he was in Pope's time only remembered as a renegade cavalier who, like all renegades, was extremely bitter against his old party. Ritson, the crusty collector of old ballads, called him the English Bavius, and the more genial Bishop Percy merely says that "he distinguished himself in youth by some pastoral pieces that were not inelegant." Subsequent critics, however, have adopted a much higher estimate of Wither's poetical work. Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Poets*, and Sir Egerton Brydges in his *Censura Literaria*, both quoted Wither extensively, and spoke enthusiastically of the sweetness and melody of his verse; while Charles Lamb, beyond question the most competent of all judges of our older literature, has devoted to his earlier poems an essay full of fine and felicitous praise.

George Wither was born in 1588, at Bentworth in Hampshire. His family was apparently of some position and wealth, for he records how in his youthful days hounds, hawks, and horses were at his command, and intimates that he might have required "without denial,"

The lute, the organ, or deep-sounding vial,

or indeed anything else he had a mind to, to cheer his spirits. In his sixteenth year he was sent up to Magdalen College, Oxford, where for some time he found more delight in "practice at the tennis-ball" than in practice at "old Scotus, Seton, and new Keckerman." Hardly, however, had he turned over a new leaf, and begun to love a learned college life, when he was removed from Oxford and taken home, much to his disgust, "to hold the plough." Though not altogether congenial to him, a farming life was far from unendurable, but a proposal to apprentice him to "some mechanick trade" was not to be thought of with equanimity, and the youth, then eighteen years of age, hurried off to London. Here he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and was fortunate enough to strike up a close friendship with William Browne, who was then meditating his *Britannia's Pastorals*, the influence of which powerfully affected all the earlier work of his friend. Wither's plans were not very definite, but he had a vague notion that he could push his fortune at court. Naturally therefore he dropped into the laureate vein, and we find him, in company with numerous other bards, bewailing the untimely death of Prince Henry with a sheaf of elegies, and the next year composing *epithalamia* to celebrate the marriage of the Prin-

cess Elizabeth. There was apparently not enough of the sycophant in Wither's composition to ensure him a rapid rise in court favour, and failing to obtain any preferment, he turned satirical and in 1613 produced his *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, the dedication to which says that, having been provided with no work, he has employed his leisure in observing the vices of the times. Warton says the satires are severe but not witty. They certainly contain none of those pungent personalities such as Dryden and Pope loved to make their adversaries' ears tingle with. Hate, envy, revenge, covetousness, vanity and the rest of them, receive some hard knocks, but it is always abstract vice that he scourges, never particular men in whom such vices are presumed to be personified. Perhaps, however, it was more evident at the time than it is now what people in high places the cap fitted. At all events the satires sufficed to obtain for their author a lodging in the Marshalsea prison. Curiously enough, he appears to have thought that as satire got him in, satire might get him out. Accordingly in 1614 he composed another, written with much vigour, and addressed to the King, in which he shows himself altogether unrepentant for his former offence.

Perhaps it was thought wise to muzzle such an outspoken muse, or some other influence may have been at work; at any rate Wither was soon liberated, and moreover presented by the King with a patent for some *Hymns and Songs of the Church* which he proposed to write. But he had chosen the wrong road to fortune. The man who wrote the following lines had evidently mistaken his vocation when he proposed to rise in life by the arts of the courtier, though, as we have seen, he had at least tried his hand at the doleful elegies he now scorns, and apparently to no purpose.

I have no Muses that will serve the turn
At every triumph, and rejoice or mourn
Upon a minute's warning for their hire,
If with old sherry they themselves inspire.

I am not of a temper like to those
That can provide an hour's sad talk in
prose
For any funeral, and then go dine,
And choke my grief with sugar-plums and
wine.

I cannot at the claret sit and laugh,
And then, half tipsy, write an epitaph.

I cannot for reward adorn the hearse
Of some old rotten miser with my verse;
Nor, like the poetasters of the time,
Go howl a doleful elegy in rhyme
For every lord or ladyship that dies,
And then perplex their heirs to patronise
That muddy poesy.

So he will find out a more excellent way to success. During his imprisonment in the Marshalsea, he had composed *The Shepherd's Hunting*. This is a pastoral poem in five eclogues. In the first eclogue, Willie (William Browne) comes to lament his friend's imprisonment, and finds that he may save his labour, for Philarete (Wither) has discovered that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," and professes to have enjoyed more true bliss and content in the quiet prison than ever he knew in the contentious court. In the second and third eclogue Philarete relates, under the thin disguise of a shepherd's hunting, the whole story of his imprisonment and the cause of it. It is in the fourth eclogue that Wither first uses, and at once with consummate mastery, that seven-syllabled trochaic metre which so delighted Charles Lamb. Philarete advises his friend to produce more pastorals. Willy dejectedly replies that what he has done has not been very well received; that he has been told he is too young, and should "keep his skill in store till he has seen some winters more." Whereupon Philarete declares,

That the sacred Muses can
Make a child in years a man.

And then follows "that rapturous melody of praise and thanksgiving to poetry, which," says Mr. Swinburne, "has made the modest name and gentle genius of Wither immortal in the lov-

ing memory of all who know and cherish that 'best earthly bliss' which filled his prison-house with 'comfort and delight.' " This splendid panegyric, which extends to a hundred and twenty lines, has been more frequently quoted than anything else that Wither wrote, but it is not by any means so generally known that any apology need be offered for transcribing one of its finest passages again. She, he says of his Muse,

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace ;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments,
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring
Or the least bough's rusteling,
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

"The praises of poetry," says Charles Lamb, "have been often sung in ancient and in modern times; strange powers have been ascribed to it of influence over animate and inanimate auditors; its force over fascinated crowds has been acknowledged; but, before Wither, no one ever celebrated its power at home, the wealth and the strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor. Fame, and that too after death, was all which hitherto the poets had promised themselves from their art. It seems to have been left to Wither to discover that poetry was a present possession, as well as a rich reversion; and that the Muse had promise of both lives, of this and of that which was to come."

Wither's "darling measure," in which the fourth eclogue of *The Shepherd's Hunting*, and the greater part of *The Mistress of Philarete* is written,

has been sometimes spoken of by critics as octosyllabic verse, which plainly it is not. It is the seven-syllabled trochaic couplet, which Shakespeare lightly laughed at as the "butter-woman's rank to market," and which, as used at a later date by Ambrose Philips, roused Henry Carey (he "who lived a life free from reproach, and hanged himself October the 4th, 1743") to parody it and add a new adjective to our English vocabulary in calling it Namby-Pamby. Wither himself seems to anticipate some cavilling at it, for he says:

If the verse here used be
Their dislike; it liketh me.
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' vaines.

Doubtless it is a form of verse that readily runs into doggerel, and the fatal facility of its flow tends to the production of a maximum of jingling sound with a minimum of sense. But in the hands of masters like Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Wither, and Milton it has proved itself an instrument of considerable compass, and they have drawn from it not only strains of "linked sweetness long drawn out," but notes of deeper harmony and power. In a note to the essay already quoted, Lamb cites the following lines from *The Shepherd's Hunting*:

If thy birth doth bravely tower,
As she makes wing she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more,
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last,

and, remarking that "a long line is a line we are long repeating," he asks what Alexandrine could express "labour slowly but strongly surmounting difficulty" as it is done in the second of these lines? Again, he says, in more sweeping terms, "What metre could go beyond these, from *Philarete*?"

Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart,
Thoughts too deep to be express'd
And too strong to be suppress'd.

In 1618 appeared *The Motto*, written, he says, by way of recreation after his liberation from the Marshalsea. It is a long poem (some two thousand lines) in the heroic couplet, and is divided into three sections corresponding to the three divisions of the motto, *Nec habeo, Nec curo, Nec careo*. It is in form a continuous self-eulogy, yet, as has been more than once remarked, it is singularly free from any offensive or distasteful egotism. The reason of this is supplied by Wither himself in his preface to *The Motto*. "My intent was," he says, "to draw the true picture of mine own heart; that my friends who knew me outwardly might have some representation of my inside also. And that, if they liked the form of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their own minds thereunto. But my principal intention was, by recording those thoughts, to confirm mine own resolution; and to prevent such alterations as time and infirmities may work upon me." That is to say, he had no intention of holding up a likeness of himself for all men to admire and imitate, but of painting the picture of a man such as he fain would have himself to be. And, being endowed with a pure and healthy mind, his ideal is a high and noble one. Regarding *The Motto* as a work of art, we may, in spite of an occasional fine passage, adopt his own words. "The language," he says, "is but indifferent: for I affected matter more than words. The method is none at all: for I was loathe to make a business of a recreation."

In 1619 appeared *Fidelia*, an elegiac epistle of forty-four pages from a forsaken fair one to her inconstant lover. The lady, without any feigning, pours out her own love with all the ardour of an Eloisa and something of the plain-spokenness of a Juliet. There are some fine touches in the poem, but, though Wither seems to have been a master in the art of love, we have a shrewd suspicion that there is too strong a tincture of the masculine element in *Fidelia's* philtre.

Fair Virtue, though written some time before, did not see the light until 1622, and even then was published anonymously, because Wither had some, though perfectly groundless, fears that it would damage the credit of more serious work which he then had in hand. It was entitled *Fair Virtue: or, The Mistress of Philarete, written by Himself*; and in a preface the publisher says that he has entreated the author to explain his meaning in certain obscure passages, and to set down to what good purposes the poem would serve. All he could get from him was, however, that the first would take away the employment of his interpreters, and the second would be well enough found out by all such as had honest understandings. The reader is designedly left in doubt whether the poet is merely celebrating the charms of his own mistress, or laying his votive offering at the shrine of Virtue herself. The introductory epistle favours the latter view.

On this glass of thy perfection,
If that any women pry,
Let them thereby take direction
To adorn themselves thereby,
And if aught amiss they view,
Let them dress themselves anew.

This thy picture therefore show I
Naked unto every eye.
Yet no fear of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousy.
For the more make love to thee
I the more shall pleasèd be.
I am no Italian lover
That would mew thee in a jail;
But thy beauty I discover
English-like, without a veil.
If thou mayst be won away,
Win and wear thee, he that may.

In another passage, however, he distinctly states that he is painting no imaginary portrait, but that a real love for a real lady is the font and inspiration of his song.

For if I had never seen
Such a beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades
To the homely dairy maids,
For a country fiddler's fees,
Clouted cream and bread and cheese.

It is also probable that he would have remained in the embarrassing condition in which he found himself when, as he confesses, he simultaneously courted Amaryllis, Phyllis, Daphne, and Cloris,

And in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either,
'Cause to be of one possest
Bar'd the hope of all the rest.

But now the face of the whole round world is changed, and he is as constant as the needle to the pole. He proceeds to sing the praises of his mistress in his own rude way, as he modestly says, but really with many a delicate touch of dainty art, as in the following lines :

When her ivory teeth she buries
'Twixt her two enticing cherries,
There appear such pleasures hidden
As might tempt what we're forbidden.
If you look again, the whites
She doth part those lips in smiles,
'Tis as when a flash of light
Breaks from heaven to glad the night.

Charles Lamb, with unerring taste, has pointed out two passages of *The Mistress of Philarete* as being of pre-eminent merit. They are indeed the fairest flowers in this lover's coronal. The first passage is that wherein he wonders that all men, even her servants, are not pleading love, and then explains, according to love's philosophy, why they are not. It is too long to be transcribed in this place, and the reader must be referred to Lamb's essay, or to a copy of Wither's poems if haply he may find one.

The second passage is that in which he vindicates himself against the common charge of hyperbole by boldly denying the possibility of hyperbole, and justifying his "setting forth her glories by unheard-of allegories." The whole passage is fine, and the following six lines are among the loveliest of their kind in our literature.

Stars indeed fair creatures be ;
Yet amongst us where is he
Joys not more the whilst he lies
Sunning in his mistress' eyes,
Than in all the glimmering light
Of a starry winter's night ?

But he is not content only to celebrate his mistress's beauty of hand, and foot, of lip, and eye, and brow ; he must also praise her spiritual perfections, for,

This that I have here exprest
Is but that which veils the rest.
An incomparable shrine
Of a beauty more divine.

And moreover,

These are beauties that shall last
When the crimson blood shall waste,
And the shining hair turn grey,
Or with age be worn away.

It is strange that any man capable of producing poetry of this high order should ever have felt called upon to apologize for it, as Wither did on more than one occasion. In his satire *Of the Passion of Love*, after railing in good set terms at the absurdities commonly perpetrated by people in that undesirable condition, he bethinks himself of his own *Philarete*.

How now ; was't not you (says one) that late
So humbly begg'd a boon at Beauty's gate ?

Yes ; he must admit it was ; and all he can say for himself is that he has had his follies like other men, and doubtless cut quite as absurd a figure as any imaginary lover depicted in the present satire. And again, in a postscript to *The Shepherd's Hunting*, he anticipates a similar objection, though in this case he takes his stand boldly on the feelings natural to ardent youth ; for he says, "Neither am I so cynical but that I think a modest expression of such amorous conceits as suit with reason will yet very well become my years ; in which not to have feeling of the power of love were as great an argument of much stupidity, as an over sottish affection were of extreme folly." This is admirably put, and quite unimpeachable ; but there was not the slightest necessity for him to apologize. Allowing for the change in manners since the seventeenth century, Wither's muse is as modest as Mr. Coventry Patmore's.

Nearly all Wither's best work was produced in the decade 1613 to 1623. Between these two dates were published his *Abuses Strippt and Whipt*, *Fidelia*, *The Shepherd's Hunting*, *The Motto*, and *The Mistress of Philarete*. With these we take leave of Wither the poet, and in subsequent publications make acquaintance with Wither the preacher, the prophet, the puritan, and the politician. Wither was no exception to the general rule that those who abandon for public life the studies of poetry and philosophy suffer a steady degeneration, partaking like brooks and rivers, as Landor finely says, "the nature of that vast body whereunto they run, its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion." Not that Wither ever became quite the fanatic that he has been represented to have been. Up to the time of the outbreak of the civil war, he was an adherent of the established order both in church and state. His *Hymns and Songs of the Church* were approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he says in his *Furor Poeticus*,

The Royal Power I loyally obey'd
And though it did oppress, was so afraid
Of innovating, that a Reformation
Thereof I wished, not an extirpation.

He never became a sectary, but described himself, like Milton, as a member of the Church Universal. One sentence from his *Answer to Some Objections* is worth quoting. "True faith," he says, "cannot be evidenced without good works, which being imperfect in the best of men, we have no such certain mark whereby unfeigned disciples may be known, as by their being loving to each other, and charitably affected towards all men; yea, although they are our personal enemies." His own charitableness was considerably tempered by an ineradicable contentiousness. He lived under eleven different forms of government, and he managed to be more or less at loggerheads with them all.

Wither was in London during the

devastation caused by the plague of 1625. "When hundreds of thousands forsook their habitations" he remained, "to be a Remembrance both to this city and the whole nation." In his *Britain's Remembrancer* he describes his experience in walking the deserted streets. The Royal Change and St. Paul's Cathedral, usually crowded promenades, were avoided as places of certain danger; the Strand was as unfrequented as a country road; the Inns of Court were silent as the grave; smokeless chimneys betokened that numberless houses were uninhabited, and where pleasant women's faces were once to be seen, "the empty casements gap'd wide for air." Two poets, Thomas Lodge and John Fletcher, are said to have perished in this pestilence, but Wither had no belief in contagion, and notwithstanding that he awoke one morning with "round ruddy spots" (the fatal signs) on his breast and shoulders, he came through the danger unscathed.

In 1639 occurred his first experience of soldiering, when he was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots. On the outbreak of the war in England, Wither, according to Anthony Wood, sold his estate and raised a troop for the service of the Parliament. In 1643 he was appointed governor of Farnham Castle. He asserted that his superiors neglected to supply him with adequate means of defending the place; his enemies said that he deserted it. Anyhow, as Campbell remarks, the defence of his conduct which he afterwards published seems to have been far more resolute than his defence of the fortress. Wither's own house and farm were among the first to suffer during the war, for, as early as January 1642, we find the House of Commons making an order for the immediate payment to him of £328 6s., by way of compensation for the plunder by the King's cavaliers. But Wither claimed to have lost as much as £2,000, and he obtained an order empowering him to indemnify himself by seizing the goods of those who had plundered him.

Among these was Sir John Denham, and Wither promptly seized upon his neighbour's property. Some time after this, as Aubrey tells the story, Wither was taken prisoner, and in great danger of his life; but Sir John Denham prayed the King not to hang him, for that while George Wither lived, he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England. Wither's life was accordingly spared. In 1643 we hear of him in poverty and distress, getting pecuniary aid from his generous friend Mr. Westron and from the Earl of Essex. He appears to have been perpetually petitioning Parliament for the redress of his grievances, and getting orders for his relief which were almost invariably of no benefit to him.

The energy which in happier circumstances might have given us permanent additions to our poetical literature, expended itself in cursory comments on current events, futile vaticinations, and profitless controversies. In 1653 his ever-restless mind produced a curious scheme for parliamentary reform. He declared the means of settlement to be an "Everlasting Parliament." Every city, shire, or borough, "on pain of being deeply fined," was to elect a representative annually, and this was to be done in such a manner that a twelfth part of the members retired, and new members took their places every month. The members were to be paid their wages regularly, and the House was to elect a fresh Speaker also every month. Undue influence in elections was to be punished by exile, and bribery in the public offices by death. There was to be a new Parliament House, "with towers adorned and strong walls fenced about," and having gardens and fair walks adjoining thereto. Members were to receive free lodging in twelve mansions to be erected close by the House, there was to be "a constant table of one meal a day" for all and sundry, and many other things arranged,

So as they might,
Pursue the public service with delight.

And "forasmuch as outward habits draw respect unto men's persons," the members were to be all alike attired in a peculiar robe or upper garment, and from each man's neck was to be suspended a golden tablet whereon was enamelled "the British Isles within the ocean placed." This poetico-political pamphlet may be commended to the attention of certain hon. members now at St. Stephen's.

Wither's own circumstances, however, were growing worse and worse. His enemies caused his name to be struck from the Commission of the Peace for Hampshire and from the militia, and he had become so poor that when it was proposed to rate him at two horses for the service of the militia, he pitifully protested that he was hardly able to find so much as the bridles. In August, 1661, his books and papers were seized by authority of a warrant from Secretary Nicholas; he was charged with publishing a seditious libel against members of the House of Commons, and in the course of a few days found himself a prisoner in Newgate. He was kept in confinement until July, 1663, when he was released, on giving to the Lieutenant of the Tower a bond to be of good behaviour. A second time he saw the plague ravage London, and although none of his household succumbed to it, the sickness and subsequent fire played such havoc among his friends that, some being dead, some impoverished, and the remainder scattered, neither he nor they knew where to find each other, and there were few or none to help him in the destitution of his latter days. He died on May 2nd, 1667.

Wither's poetry, at least all that was written between 1613 and 1623, before he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, is characterized by fine feeling, delicate fancy, true pathos, and singularly sweet versification. He is at his best in the seven-syllabled trochaic measure of *Philarete* and *The Shepherd's Hunting*, but many of his lyrics are only below the best, and

have that indescribable charm of the older Elizabethan manner, which he lived long enough to see evaporating into the courtly sprightliness of his later contemporaries. Only one of these keeps its place in the popular anthologies, the "Shall I wasting in despair," to which Mr. Palgrave in his *Golden Treasury* has prefixed the title of "The Manly Heart." But Wither has the true lyrical note, and the music of more than one song of his "beats time to nothing in the brain" of many a student who knows and loves the treasures that lie buried in worm-eaten volumes on the dustiest shelves of our great libraries.

Wither was not included in Chalmers's

collection of the British Poets, neither has any complete edition of his works ever been published. In the early years of this century Sir Egerton Brydges edited a somewhat meagre selection from them, and in 1872 the Spencer Society published three handsome volumes entitled *Juvenilia*, containing nearly all his best work. But these are neither generally known nor easily accessible, and a popular reprint of some half-dozen of Wither's most notable performances would be a boon for which all true lovers of poetry would be deeply grateful.

JOHN FYVIE.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF HAMISH MACGREGOR.

In the spring of 1745 there were constant rumours of Jacobite intrigues against the Hanoverian Government. Secret agents were known to be at work, and it was reported that an attempt was soon to be made against the reigning family. The battle of Fontenoy, followed by the surrender of Ghent and the fall of Ostend, raised the hopes of the Jacobites; and the uneasy feeling which had for some time pervaded official circles was increased in the course of the summer. There were in Scotland many persons against whom reasonable suspicions were entertained, but it was very difficult to obtain evidence against them. It was equally difficult to obtain information regarding the movements of Prince Charles Edward, who was suspected of meditating an invasion, and of his adherents on the continent; and it was not until the end of July, or the beginning of August, that the officials in Scotland were aware that an expedition had actually sailed.

In these days, when a complete system of postal and telegraphic communication carries news all over the country in a few hours, it is almost impossible to realize the difficulties against which Government had to contend at a time when the roads were few and bad, when there were no regular posts, and when the only means of obtaining information was the employment of spies. It was easy to find persons who were ready to act as informers; but the difficulty was to secure the services of men who were in the confidence of the Jacobites. Such an agent, however, presented himself to the officials at Edinburgh in the person of Hamish MacGregor, a son of the well-known Rob Roy. "I've plainly tell ye, ye are breeding up your family

to gang an ill gate," says Bailie Nicol Jarvie to Rob Roy; and the prediction which Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of the Bailie came true. Rob Roy's sons lived a life of thieving, rapine, and violence; and one of them, Robin Oig, was hanged at Edinburgh for the dastardly crime of which an account is given in the introduction to *Rob Roy*.

Hamish, or James, MacGregor seems to have been the ablest of the family. He had inherited much of his father's personal strength and cunning, and was regarded as the head of the family. Instead of following his father's example and taking the name of Campbell, he had assumed that of Drummond, the family name of the Duke of Perth, and was generally known as James Drummond. It appears, from papers preserved in the Public Record Office, that in the spring of 1745 he was in communication with General Guest and the Solicitor-General for Scotland, Mr. Robert Dundas, to whom he represented himself as having a friend from whom he could, if employed by the Government, obtain valuable information regarding the intrigues of the Jacobite party. But these proposals came to nothing.

Early in August, however, he again approached the Government and offered himself as an informer, putting, as will be seen, a high value on his services. And indeed those who were in charge of affairs in Scotland at this time were in much need of assistance, of whatever kind it might be. Prince Charles Edward had reached the Hebrides on July 23rd, and for a fortnight later absolutely nothing definite was known regarding his movements. The Lord Advocate at this time was Mr. Robert Craigie, who, on August 2nd wrote to the Marquis of

Tweeddale, then Secretary of State for Scotland, in the following terms :

This morning James Drummond, eldest son to the late Rob Roy Macgregor, called upon me occasionally, and after some conversation with him, I found he was the person who had been dealing with Mr. Guest and the Solicitor this spring ; and as he thought they did not use him well he gave up all treaty in the manner I formerly mentioned to your Lordship. And upon my assuring him of all suitable encouragement and protection he made the declaration of which I send your Lordship a copy enclosed. As the clan of which he is reckoned the chief is dispersed through the Duke of Perth's estate, and he himself was till Whitsunday last a tenant of my Lord Montrose's in the neighbourhood, it was for that reason that he pretended that it was from a third person that he expected his intelligence in his treaty with Mr. Guest, because he apprehended that a discovery of his being the informer would not only expose his goods, but also his person, to danger. And he insisted with me that I should mention him to nobody here until he was assured of the Government's protection ; and he mentioned his having a commission in the new Highland regiment ; that if he had such a commission he would think himself justified to the world in going all lengths in the service of the Government ; whereas at present he would be looked upon as a spy and informer. You may be sure I would not promise to obtain for him what is not in my power ; but I promised him secrecy in case he was not provided. And I am resolved to give him some money, whether it's allowed me or not ; and I hope your Lordship will forgive me to offer my humble opinion that as I know this man to be a brave sensible fellow, and to be a man of some consequence in the Highlands, and I think one that is disobliged at the Duke of Perth, that it will be for His Majesty's service that he be provided in a lieutenancy or ensigny in the Highland regiment. I believe there is a vacancy, or one may easily be made. At the same time I believe that if he was assured of the thing, he might be of more service without its being known that he is in the service of the Government, than if he were actually in commission, as he is at present not suspected by the Jacobites, and has thereby access to their secrets.

Mr. Craigie then goes on to speak of the intelligence which he had

received from Drummond, and thus concludes his letter : "As I promised absolute secrecy until I could give Mr. Drummond some assurance of encouragement, and as his information contains several things new, I thought it proper to send this by express, that I might receive your directions, and also that I may be at liberty to communicate to Sir John Cope my informer, and that I may obtain from him the proper assistance to Mr. Drummond."

The information laid before Mr. Craigie by Drummond at the interview described in this letter was sent up to London, and is still to be seen among the papers relating to Scotland at the Public Record Office. It contains little or nothing which is not now well known ; but the Ministry were then in complete ignorance of what was going on in the Highlands. The picture which the official correspondence of that busy time reveals is deplorable. Sir John Cope, well-bred and affable, but utterly wanting in energy and resources ; Lord President Forbes, sagacious and zealous, but thwarted at every turn by colleagues who suspected him of undue leniency to the rebels ; Lord Justice Clerk Fletcher jealous of every one, and in particular of the rising young Solicitor-General with whom he was barely on speaking terms ; and Lord Advocate Craigie, writing to inform the Marquis of Tweeddale that he quite agrees with the Marquis that in some matters the Lord President must be kept in the dark,—such was the state of matters among those on whom rested the heavy responsibility of devising means to meet the threatening danger. They were all doubting, wondering, and speculating whether the young Prince had really landed, when, in point of fact, not only had he landed, but he was rapidly securing the adhesion of the disaffected clans. Such a crisis, when the long expected rising in favour of the Stuarts had actually begun, when no one knew who was loyal and who was disloyal, when the

whole of the officials both in London and Edinburgh were at their wits' end, hardly knowing what to do or what to think, when their councils (for this fact is clearly proved by documents which are still extant) were distracted by mutual jealousy and distrust, was just the crisis at which an active, adroit and unscrupulous Highlander like Hamish MacGregor saw his opportunity for making something out of one side or the other. He probably held the opinion which was entertained by almost all those who kept their heads cool, and, regarding the enterprise on which Prince Charles had embarked as hopeless, resolved in the first instance to serve the established dynasty. After his interview with Mr. Craigie he left Edinburgh for the north, promising to return in about a week.

On the evening of August 8th Sir John Cope, Lord Loudoun, who was Adjutant-General under Cope, the Lord Advocate, and the Solicitor-General were engaged in preparing a despatch to the Marquis of Tweeddale, when James Drummond suddenly entered the room, having returned from his journey to the Highlands. The information which he gave was rather vague. "Upon my return to the country," he said, "I was informed by a man from Moydart that a ship had landed there lately." But he had nothing definite to say, or perhaps did not choose to say anything definite about the movements of Prince Charles. Mr. Murray of Broughton, he had been told, "was laughing heartily at the Ministry not knowing where the young Pretender was, and said that the noise of this ship would put the Government off the scent of their real designs." This statement suggests the possibility that Mr. James Drummond was himself endeavouring to put the Government off the scent. But, however vague his words might be, he was apparently full of zeal, and to prove it, he offered to return to the Highlands and endeavour to arrest the Jacobite leaders. The

offers which he made were contained in the following document :

Proposall for Sir John Cope and my Lord Advocate. That if you both incline to employ me in this affair, I am willing to goe into that country, and to get what further intelligence I can, and notwithstanding that I have good friends and correspondence in that country, provided I go there I would requir to have credentialls from you, and nots to those of your friends you correspond with, that I may be supported be them from time to time as my need requirs. And if you'll incline to give me warrands against these gentlemen, I am willing to discover them, and take in hand to apprehend them, and for that purpose I must have very positive orders from Sir John Cope to the governors of Fort William and Fort Augustus to give me for my suport what number of men, and at whatever time, I shall ask them night or day.

It is possible that this proposal may have been made, with genuine Highland cunning, for the purpose of finding out by means of the credentials for which he asked who were the chief correspondents of the Government, and also with the view of weakening the garrisons of Fort Augustus or Fort William by detaching men on the difficult duty of attempting to capture the chiefs. But whether Drummond was acting fairly or treacherously to his friends in Edinburgh, he was fully trusted. "James Drummond," the Lord Advocate, writes to the Secretary of State next morning,

Among other things he mentioned to me last night, said that he could not confide in Major Campbell, Deputy Governor of Fort William, in what he proposed to execute for the service of the Government, in respect of his connections and correspondence with the friends of the Pretender. And he gave the following recent instances :—viz : that on Tuesday, the 30th, and on Wednesday, the 31st of July last, Lochiel dined with the Major at Fort William, and that on the said 31st of July, Macdonald of Keppoch supped with the Major at Fort William. . . . He was bold enough to undertake the seizing of the chiefs in the meantime. This I am not sanguine enough to hope for. But, not to discourage him, we have wrote to the command-

ing officers of Fort Augustus, in the neighbourhood of which he supposes the chiefs may be found, to concur with Mr. Drummond in executing any scheme that to him may appear probable, and consistent with the safety of the troops; and I have sent Mr. Drummond to the Highlands in quest of intelligence and of new adventures.

This was on August 9th, and on the same day a more trustworthy servant of the crown left Edinburgh for the north. This was the Lord President, Duncan Forbes of Culloiden, who, before starting, wrote to the Marquis of Tweeddale, "I have resolved to make my journey to the north-country earlier than usual this season," but added that he regarded the report that the Prince had landed as highly improbable. While the high-minded Forbes was on his way to serve the Government in the north, the informer made his way to the Highlands, and nothing was heard of him from the 9th of August to the 25th. But during that period the rebellion grew apace. On the 16th the rebels were successful in a skirmish with a body of the King's forces near Spean Bridge. On the 19th the standard of Prince Charles was raised at Glenfinnan. On the 25th the Prince and his followers had advanced to within a few miles of Fort Augustus, eager to meet Sir John Cope who was now marching from the south. James Drummond reached Edinburgh on the evening of the 25th, went to the Lord Advocate, and gave him a great deal of information which was at once transmitted to London. But there is good reason to believe that, during the short stay which he made on this occasion, he employed a Jacobite printer to print, and circulate through the city, several proclamations which had been issued by the Prince. He was not suspected at the time; but if this story is true, he was evidently determined to keep in with both sides. His father had acted a similar part during the rebellion of 1715; for, although he had to a great extent committed himself to the cause of the Stuarts, the clansmen never trusted

him, and, when the decisive moment came at the battle of Sherrifmuir, he refused to charge. "No, no," he said, when urged to strike a blow, "if they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." Moreover, according to Sir Walter Scott, "in the confusion of an undecided field of battle, he enriched his followers by plundering the baggage and the dead on both sides."

Soon after leaving Edinburgh, however, Hamish must have heard an astounding piece of news, which led him to change sides without further delay. Sir John Cope had declined a battle and had moved to Inverness, leaving the way open to Prince Charles who was now in full march towards the Lowlands. James Drummond made his way to the district in which his father had so long set the forces of the law at defiance, that wild region of mountain, wood, and lake which was then known as the MacGregor's country. There, on the western shore of Loch Lomond stood the fort or barracks of Inversnaid, which had been erected for the purpose of overawing the MacGregors. With the assistance of his cousin of Glengyle he collected a small band of about a dozen trusty clansmen, and attacked Inversnaid. They surprised the garrison, took eighty-nine prisoners, and burned the fort. Increasing the number of their followers, they soon joined the main body of the rebel army, and fought at the battle of Prestonpans, where James Drummond was severely wounded. "Stretched on the ground," says Sir Walter Scott, "with his head resting on his hand, he called out loudly to the Highlanders of his country, 'My lads, I am not dead. By God, I shall see if any of you does not do his duty.'" His wounds were so severe that he was unable to follow the army into England, but with six companies of his clan he took part in the battle of Culloden.

Some years afterwards, when in France, he wrote several letters to the chief of his clan, which will be found printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* for

December, 1817. He mentions, in one of these letters, that in 1747 he had "received a pass from Andrew Fletcher, Lord Justice Clerk then for Scotland," with the express concurrence of the commander of the forces in Scotland. Commenting on these letters Sir Walter Scott in the introduction to *Rob Roy* says, "It appears he had entered into some communication with the Government the circumstance is obscurely stated in one of the letters already quoted, but may perhaps, joined to subsequent incidents, authorize the suspicion that James, like his father, could look at both sides of the cards." The subsequent incidents here alluded to will be narrated presently; but the transactions disclosed in the letters to the Marquis of Tweeddale, now published for the first time, prove clearly that Sir Walter Scott was quite right in suspecting that Hamish had been in communication with the Government and could look at both sides of the cards.

During the prosecutions which followed the rebellion Hamish was attainted for high treason, but escaped unpunished, perhaps in consequence of the services which he had rendered to the Government in the spring and summer of 1745, or because he had again become an informer, and imitated on a small scale the conduct of the arch-traitor Murray of Broughton. At all events he was allowed to come and go in safety, until towards the close of the year 1750 he and his brothers again plunged into crime, and were guilty of the abduction and rape of Jean Key the heiress of Edenbellie. To avoid the consequences of this brutal affair (details of which will be found in MacLaurin's *Criminal Trials* and in the introduction to *Rob Roy*), Hamish, having escaped from Edinburgh castle in which he had been confined, fled to France.

In France he assumed the character of an exile who had been compelled to leave his country in consequence of his devotion to the Stuarts,

and very wisely took care to say nothing about the real reason of his outlawry. In May 1753 he asked the Chevalier de St. George for money, as he was in great poverty. This petition was supported by a letter from Lord Strathallan, stating that "James Drummond, son to the late Rob Roy, was employed in the Prince Regent's affairs by James, Duke of Perth, before His Royal Highness's arrival in Scotland, and afterwards he behaved with great bravery in several battles, in which he received many dangerous wounds." In another letter, which is among the Stuart Papers, Lord Strathallan explains that, though he can vouch for the personal bravery of Drummond, "as to anything else I would be sorry to answer for him, as he has but an indifferent character as to real honesty."

From the Chevalier de St. George Drummond received the sum of three hundred livres; but this did not satisfy him, and he next applied to Prince Charles, who probably took no notice of him. For by this time the daring young soldier of the Forty-Five was now a hopeless drunkard, who beat his mistress when in his cups, was ill-tempered with his few remaining friends, and steadily refused to repay the sums of money which he had borrowed from those who had risked and lost so much for his sake.

Soon after this Drummond was employed in an affair which did little credit to his employers, but was exactly suited for the exercise of his peculiar talents. In 1746 the forfeited estates of Lord Lovat, MacPherson of Cluny, Cameron of Lochiel, Stewart of Ardshiel, and others who had joined the rebels, had been vested in the Crown for the use of his Majesty; and in 1752 an Act of Parliament was passed which devoted the rents to the promotion of the welfare of the Highlands. These estates were under the control of factors, who collected the rents and attended to the interests of the Crown. The duty performed by these factors was dangerous, as they

were of necessity unpopular among the clansmen. The forfeited estate of Stewart of Ardsheel was managed by Colin Campbell of Glenure, who on May 14th, 1752, was shot dead while passing through the wood of Lettermore in Appin on his way to evict a number of tenants. Suspicions were at once aroused that the murder had been committed by a Highlander named Alan Breck Stewart, and that James Stewart, an uncle of Alan Breck, had been accessory to the crime. Against Alan Breck the evidence was strong. He had served in the regular army, but had deserted and joined the rebels after Prestonpans. On the collapse of the rebellion he escaped to France. Returning to this country he seems to have gone to Appin, and moved about among his friends without any concealment. He had frequently been heard, especially when he had been drinking, to abuse all Campbells, and in particular Colin Campbell of Glenure, whom he called the "red fox," whose brush he wished some one would bring to him. Alan Breck was usually clothed in what his neighbours called his French dress, a long blue coat, a red waistcoat, black velvet breeches, and a hat with feathers. Every one who has read Mr. Louis Stevenson's clever story *Kidnapped*, will recollect Alan Breck and his quaint appearance. On the morning of the day on which the factor was murdered Alan Breck left his French dress at James Stewart's house, and put on a short black coat; and the only glimpse which was obtained of the assassin, after the fatal shot struck Campbell down, showed a dim figure clad in a dark coat making off among the rocks and heather. At three o'clock on the following morning he roused the members of Macdonald of Glencoe's household and said he was on his way to Rannoch, and was about to leave the country. He told them of the murder, but left them to form their own opinions as to who had done the deed. Two days after the murder, one John Breck Maccoll, who was afterwards a witness at the trial of

James Stewart, was going through a wild pass among the mountains called Corry na Keigh, when he heard some one whistle to him and found Alan Breck hiding among the rocks. Alan asked him to convey a letter to his kinsman James Stewart. "Alan Breck," said Maccoll in the witness-box, "looked about among the trees and finding a wood-pigeon's quill made a pen of it; and having made ink of some powder he took out of a powder-horn that was in his pocket, he wrote a letter." In answer to this letter James Stewart sent Allan Breck his French dress and five guineas, all the money he could muster, with which he succeeded in escaping from his pursuers and reaching France.

The murder was committed in May 1752, and in the following September James Stewart was put upon his trial, charged with being accessory to the crime. The whole proceedings were scandalously unfair. There was a feud between the Campbells and the Stewarts; and yet the trial took place at Inverary, the headquarters of the Campbells, with the Duke of Argyll presiding on the bench and no less than eleven Campbells on the jury. The result of the evidence (which will be found in vol. xix. of *State Trials*) seems to be that there was a strong case against Alan Breck, but that there was no evidence of James Stewart having done anything worse than assisting his kinsman with money. Nevertheless the jury found James guilty and he was executed, the common opinion in Scotland being that he was unjustly condemned.

Glenure's kinsmen, however, were not yet satisfied. They still thirsted for vengeance; and, convinced that Alan Breck was the murderer, they were resolved to go all lengths in order to bring him to justice. There had been a feud between the MacGregors and the Stewarts of Appin, regarding the ownership of certain lands in the Braes of Balquhiddy, and the Campbells hit upon the ingenious idea of employing James Drummond to kidnap Alan

Breck, and bring him away from France. "Captain Duncan Campbell, nephew to Glengyle, and my near relation," we find him writing to his chief, "wrote to me about Alan Breck Stewart, and begged therein, if there was any possibility of getting him delivered in any part of England, that if I could be of any use in this matter, that I might expect my pardon. I returned him answer, after I was in Paris, that I would use my interest to endeavour to bring Stewart the murderer to justice."

As the plot for seizing Alan Breck was being concocted with the connivance of the authorities in England, Drummond saw a chance of making his peace with Government, and asked for a pass which would allow him to visit England in safety. This was granted to him. Money was sent for his use, and a man to help him in the perilous task he had undertaken. He laid his plans, which were doubtless of a thoroughly practical kind, for in a matter of this nature he would not have been his father's son had he been troubled with either fears or scruples. He was apparently living on terms of personal intimacy with his victim, whose social qualities and love of drink may have put him off his guard. But at the last moment, "the very night I intended to have carried him away," Alan Breck got a hint that treachery was meditated, and at once made his escape, taking with him, as the baffled kidnapper complains, "out of my cloak bag," some clothing, some linen, and no less than four snuff-boxes.

Alan Breck was not a man who could be twice deceived and Drummond gave up the attempt to trepan him. But he had secured a pass to England which he resolved to use. He saw Lord Albemarle, the British ambassador at Paris, who complimented him on having so nearly succeeded in securing "the Appin murderer," and said he deserved to be pardoned for anything he might have done in Scotland. Lord Albemarle wrote to Lord Holderness, Secretary of State, in his favour, and

gave him leave to visit London and plead his cause with the Government. What followed is most suspicious. He did not inform his chief, MacGregor Drummond of Bohaldie, of his intention, but went secretly to London. The only account of his proceedings which we have is that given by himself, when his conduct was afterwards called in question by the Jacobites. According to his own story he saw Lord Holderness, who desired him to put his case in writing, and said that he was "to lodge in a messenger's house, where I could be entertained at the King's expense, that lodging there was not meant as any restraint upon me, but for some other reason." It need hardly be observed that this is just the way in which persons who are expected to turn informers are usually treated. A week after he was sent for and questioned by Lord Holderness and the Lord Chancellor, no one else being present. "I was," he says, "like to be put to confusion"; but by keeping his wits about him, and giving evasive answers, he managed to get through the interview. By speaking of the Young Pretender, a phrase which no sound Jacobite was ever heard to use, he thought he made "a great impression upon both the Chancellor and Holderness." Some employment in the service of the Government was offered to him, but this, he declared, he refused on the ground that it was such as no gentleman could accept! Finding that he would not agree to serve the Government, Lord Holderness ordered him out of England.

Such was his own story. But did he refuse the Secretary of State's offer? His conduct in Scotland during the crisis of 1745 makes it doubtful. The Jacobites did not think so. Just about this time Prince Charles paid a visit to his secret friends in London, a fact of which there is now no doubt that both Lord Holderness and Lord Albemarle were aware; and the Government would have paid well for trustworthy information of his movements. The Stuart party believed

that James Drummond, on his return to France, was a paid agent of the British Government. In spite of all the protestations he could make, he was not believed. His position was one of great peril. Alan Breck was vowing vengeance, and declaring openly he would have his life; and Mr. MacDonnell of Glengarry accused him to the French authorities at Dunkirk of being a spy in the pay of England. He fled to Paris; and the last we hear of him is in a letter to his chief, from which it appears that he was in bad health, and in such poverty that he was willing to undertake any work however menial it might be. He concludes by a pathetic entreaty for the loan of a set of Highland bag-pipes. "I would," he says, "put them in order, and play some melancholy tunes." A week later he died, in October 1754.

Thirty-five years after the death of Hamish MacGregor we catch a farewell glimpse of Alan Breck. By that time the forfeited estates had been restored, the Highland dress was allowed by law, the clansmen were fighting for King George as bravely as they had fought for King James, Charles Edward was dead and buried. "About 1789," says the author of *Rob Roy*,

A friend of mine, then residing in Paris, was invited to see some procession which was supposed likely to interest him, from the windows of an apartment occupied by a Scottish Benedictine priest. He found, sitting by the fire, a tall, thin, raw-boned, grim-looking old man, with the *petit croix* of St. Louis. His visage was strongly marked by the irregular projection of the cheek-bones and chin. His eyes were grey. His grizzled hair exhibited marks of having been red, and his complexion was weather-beaten and remarkably freckled. Some civilities in French passed between the old man and my friend, in the course of which they talked of the streets and squares of Paris, till at length the old soldier, for such he seemed, and such he was, said with a sigh, in a sharp Highland accent, "Diel ane o' them a' is worth the Hie Street of Edinburgh." On inquiry this admirer of Auld Reekie, which he was never to see again, proved to be Allan Breck Stewart. He lived decently on his little pension, and had, in no subsequent period of his life, shown anything of the savage mood, in which he is generally believed to have assassinated the enemy and oppressor, as he supposed him, of his family and clan.

But what long and weary hours of exile he must have lived through since that summer evening when he fled from Appin, with the avengers of blood upon his track!

THE CRY OF THE PARENTS.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

IN a recent number of *The Parents' Review* (a new publication designed for a "monthly magazine of home-training and culture") is an article called a New Educational Departure. All who interest themselves in education deserve the warmest thanks of the community at large; yet it is not perhaps too much to say that the very word *education*, whether seen in a paragraph in a daily paper or as part of the heading of an article in a monthly review, gives to all not immediately concerned in this absorbing topic a sensation akin to a touch on a sore and sensitive spot in the mind. You would rather not read any more arguments on the subject: there seems no end to them; and you hastily turn the page in search of a livelier subject. You feel vaguely that it is in good hands—at any rate, in better hands than yours: you admire their unwearied patience, the judicial impartiality, the conscientious endeavours to perfect every detail; but,—you turn the page. These articles, however, bristling with facts and figures, these severe criticisms of the existing system, these scathing satires on the weak points of the last revised code, only apply to the vast system of National Education. The New Educational Departure comes nearer home; this touches us to the quick—this is a departure indeed! In this innocent-looking title the dismayed parent finds he is indeed concerned; it is nothing less than a project to educate himself.

And now, if not too late, it seems only reasonable to ask to be allowed to enter a remonstrance. Why not the Cry of the Parents, as well as the Cry of the Children? Why not, indeed, enter a feeble protest from the poor bread-winner—patronizingly al-

luded to in the preface to this fresh engine of warfare as "the bird who should be ever on his way homewards with a worm in his beak"? But this, however arduous it may seem, "is not," we are told, "the sole duty of human paternity." Would that it were! may the father exclaim, who is but too well acquainted with bills that seem to have but little connection with worms, or whatever may be the established equivalent of the sustenance to be provided by "human paternity." Who that reads of fresh tasks to be imposed, can withhold a generous sigh of sympathy, or even a tear of pity for the jaded parent, already overwhelmed with the cares of providing his sons and daughters with the necessary equipment for the battle of life? Dwell for a moment—he has to dwell for many moments!—on the butcher's and baker's bills, the tailor's and dress-maker's bills, the triennial school bills—but we forbear. If, to all these, is to be added the bill (in time and anxiety) of his own education as a parent, who, we ask, will be found to rashly undertake so arduous a position?

Far be it from us to deny the importance of early training for our children which cannot indeed be overrated; but we believe that it is not to be attained by the methods that are proposed here and in many other articles lately devoted to the consideration of this subject—methods akin to the probe of the surgeon, necessary in disease but not in health. We believe, we always have believed, that some at any rate of the old-fashioned let-alone system is as healthy and favouring to the development of children as it is to that of plants, given good air and soil to start with. Gardeners have as yet seen no reason to reverse this doctrine,

nor, in the long run, do we believe will parents.

There is far too much talk of education early and late, but especially early—unless by education is meant the “lovely shapes and sounds intelligible, of that eternal language,” as hymned by Coleridge. It is to begin in the cradle, say the latest exponents of training. So it does, in the favourable or unfavourable conditions and surroundings of infant and child life, but not in the premature forcing of every look and gesture as expressing a taste or characteristic. As reasonably would you begin at once to exercise the little dancing limbs in trained gymnastics. Every look, every movement, we are told, is to be trained and made much of, the little brain must be early excited and tested. Bid farewell to the restful time of babyhood, to the happy peaceful hours of brooding mother-love, in whose protecting arms the infant lies, growing accustomed by imperceptible influences to the newness of all things. No, the opening eyes are not, as you idly suppose, “without speculation,” they are looking for the Old Master which should hang on the nursery wall. The soft fingers straying over the mother’s enfolding arm demand a pencil wherewith, without delay, the young Raphael of six months old may essay his genius on the aforesaid master-piece.

Has any one who considers parents not yet alive to their responsibilities ever taken into consideration the manifold duties of the father and mother of even the smallest family? The daily anxieties, the incessant worry of thinking and doing, the brain-work necessary to the father for bringing grist to the mill, the busy household and social cares that fall to the share of the mother, often complicated by sickness, suddenly demanding all the available time and power. Yet they are at ease in their belief in a home as happy as they can make it, supplied to the best of their ability with picture-books, lesson-books, playfellows, wholesome food, and strengthening exercise. When

to all this is added an ever-watchful, fostering love, and the providing of every educational advantage within their reach and income, are they to be told that all this is by no means enough for the young person, who must surely be a lineal descendant of the horse-leech’s daughter?

These exponents of a revised code for parents have not been long in effecting their remorseless purpose. A “Parents’ Educational Union is already formed,” and (as if in cruel jest) “formed just before the summer holidays this year” (presumably 1889). “There were only about a dozen present,” we are told, “and of those all were not clear as to what was intended. Had the scheme anything to do with *refuge* work?” One’s heart melts at this terrible suggestion; that the guarded nursery, full of curly heads and rosy faces, can have already come to this! “In the course of discussion,” however, “it became clear that the object of the society was the study of the laws of Education, as they bear on the bodily development, the moral training, the intellectual work, and the religious training of the children. The phrase ‘laws of Education’ probably struck some of us as a mere *façon de parler*, but it passed without question.” We think we have heard of the phrase before, and would almost have hazarded the opinion that it (and the laws it refers to) were older than the society. But let us emulate the twelve members in passing it without question, the more gladly that it leaves us the hope that where there is no law there is no sin, and that these otherwise inconceivably blind and misguided parents may escape censure.

Now, having, we hope, sufficiently enlisted the sympathies of our readers with the parents, let us see how the children fare? How stands it with the little ones, least able to defend themselves from the tide of meddling (which by the way, we see is called elsewhere in the same number of the magazine before us, “educating popular opinion”)—the tide of meddling, kindly or otherwise,

which at the present time threatens to lay waste all individuality of thought and action, and to wear us out of all independence of judgment?

The society propose "to hold meetings, say four, during a winter session, with a definite purpose of discussion. If the four parts of education" (physical, mental, moral, and religious, which we here repeat, in case the startled parent has failed to realize them) "can be taken up consecutively, so much the better, the topic of the day to be ventilated by means of an original paper or other reading, to be followed by discussion," which, it is hopefully assumed, will be both lively and profitable.

There is an instructive anecdote which we would recommend to be read at the next meeting of the educational society—a tale of a centipede who, unable to satisfy a thoughtless enquirer which foot he advanced first on preparing to walk, at last gave up all hope of deciding or of moving, and "lay distracted in a ditch."

But now, as we read on, bursts upon us the full enormity of the scheme from the children's point of view. "It would be a hopeful sign" (whether of the common-sense of the nation, or of what other desirable trait, we are not told) "if the parents sent in queries, *signed or unsigned*" (the italics are ours) "to the secretary, dealing with practical difficulties as they come up. How would you deal with a greedy or a sullen child? or a child with too active a brain? How would you treat a boy who says 'I sha'n't!'" Here is meddling brought to a pitch indeed. Imagine what a dynamic collection these queries,—with or without signature, but always, one would think, in these days of universal societies and secretaries pretty easily localised,—what a collection, we say, will these queries form in any but a very prudent hand. Give a dog a bad name, &c., is the truest of proverbs when applied to the young. Their little faults and inconsistencies, as much as their parents's faults and inconsistencies, are entitled

to the tender oblivion and privacy of home life, in which (no doubt from not having an educational society to consult) families have planted themselves ever since the earliest one of all. This is to "set a mark" on erring humanity indeed! There are even daring spirits who affirm that the less their children are intimately known of their relations during their transition stages, the better, since judgments hastily formed from an accidental fit of obstinacy, or access of fretfulness, are very apt to crystallize into an unshaken conviction that "John was always pig-headed," or "Mary was never good-humoured," long after John and Mary have become the most reasonable and amiable of beings.

"The joys of Parents are Secret," says Bacon, "and so are their Griefs and Feares: They cannot utter the one; nor they will not utter the other." What then is to be said of this new *Newgate Calendar* of our upper classes, branding and localizing each poor little offender by name and nature? Is it seriously held that outside advice, however good in the abstract, can ever, except by an accidental happy hit, be of practical use in another and unknown household? Who is to know the other side of the question,—the conditions of the home where the boy is always sullen, or the training of the one who says "I sha'n't", a form of speech which is likely to be alarmingly on the increase if foreign influences are to be called in to aid the native authorities?

This is a credulous age with all its learning, only too apt to accept a dictum from a written source however unknown. By all means risk your health, your hair, your complexion, if it so pleases you, by following the recipes to be had for the asking from the bold pioneers in the paths of health and beauty, but do not expose your children to these haphazard methods. They will be quick enough to see if an alien system is being tried upon them instead of mother's tender insight into their little weaknesses, and firm help in their

makings for good. If conduct is three-fourths of life, so is character, and character is not formed by these leading-reins to guard a child from ever giving way to a natural impulse. Character is mainly formed by finding out what is expected of you in this life. Do not away with the hard knocks of experience and failure, and imagine that you can teach a child the workings of a sum by showing him the answer.

But we must get through our extracts. "The Secretary," it is stated, "would pass on beforehand one such query to a capable member, whose answer at the meeting would open the way for general discussion. One or two drawing-room meetings especially for mothers will be arranged for. Here we have a modest programme of work for the winter meetings of the union." We have heard, but of course without crediting, that a certain amount of harmless discussion of one's neighbour's affairs is not considered to interfere with the sacred rites of afternoon tea. But only surely in the Cannibal Islands could such an unnatural feast be spread as is here darkly indicated.

"One or two mothers' cottage meetings also will be arranged for." Mrs. Ewing has a lively tale of a village matron who returned a tract on the subject of the unsteady householder and the rebellious family given her by a well-meaning visitor, with the dignified protest—"My 'usband do not drink, and I have no unwrely children." Let us hope that in some cottages at least this fine spirit of independence may still be found flourishing.

"The question of the inclusion of young unmarried persons has been

tacitly decided in the negative." This is, we think, the highest wisdom, if the existence of the new union is dear to the hearts of the promoters. The young unmarried persons may not, alas! remain young, but they will surely, if made fully aware of their tremendous future, remain unmarried. Prevention is better than cure.

This, says the Parents's Educational Union, "is, roughly speaking, our programme for the first year. We may see our way to more work than we pledge ourselves to. For instance, we may set on foot work under our examination scheme in the case of parents being found willing to undertake a definite course of reading in education and its kindred science with a view to examination. Further delightful visions loom in the distance,—hardly yet within measurable distance." This programme to our alarmed vision has, for its first year, enough and to spare. We will not add to the already sombre forebodings of the poor "human paternity." We will not even remind him of the poor figure he will cut, returning "plucked" from his ordeal of examination at the nearest "local centre" of the new society, by the same train, perhaps, as conveys his own sons rejoicing in their success at a great public school,—a school, moreover, where play is recognised as well as work. No summer cricket, no winter football, will temper the rigour of poor paterfamilias' Continuation School. It seems a base return for that worm in his beak!

These are delightful visions, indeed, but it would not surprise us if "human paternity" does not fret at their being "hardly yet within measurable distance."

RONALD LESTER.

I.

I AM about to write down the story of the woman I loved. She never for a moment loved me. I suppose she might have been a happy woman if she could have done so; but that I cannot tell. Some natures seem to need sorrow, and to seek it; and yet these natures are, I think, those that feel it most. It is a common saying that we desire what will make us happy. This I do not believe. We desire that which inherited instinct compels us to desire, that which has tended to procure the survival of the race, and not that which has secured its ease, its joy, its comfort. These things may indeed be part of the conditions which help it to exist; they are as frequently the conditions which tend to its decay and destruction. It is certain that the conditions even of our own modern society require that there should be a large number of women whose instinct it is to sacrifice themselves, who cannot love the men who offer them a life of pure ease and indulgence; and Dora Wyntree was one of those women.

I knew her first as a young and brilliant girl, much loved and much admired. She stood on the sunny heights of life, and seemed, as she cast her bright eyes round her, to seek a path in which she could tread firmly and gladly, and to be sure of finding such a path. She did not desire ease, but I thought her destined to joyful work; she could not live a life of selfishness, but she seemed assured of one full of happy love.

The first thing in which she dissatisfied her friends was her refusal of several suitable offers of marriage; the second was her engagement to Ronald Lester. He was a quiet and grave young man, and he was poor.

Though perfectly respectable he had no very desirable connections; he was in a mercantile house, and could look forward to no brilliant prospects either of wealth or position; he was liked and respected by every one who knew him, but he possessed no qualities which promised distinction in the future. Nevertheless he was one of those men who know how to attach others, especially women, to themselves. His few friends would have done almost anything that he asked them: his one sister, who had died unmarried, had been passionately devoted to him; and all those with whom he was at all intimate valued his society to a degree that seemed to me extravagant. Though I loved Dora myself, I never wondered that she preferred him. I have myself felt vaguely the charm of his personality. This personality pervaded all he did. His views on every subject were original, the direct result of his own conclusions and no reflection of other men's. Therefore, to a woman weary of the drifting commonplaces of society, his directness and simplicity of thought and speech must have been intensely refreshing. He also put his opinions into practice more than most men do. This in itself must make the life of any woman who lived with him no easy one; but a brave woman was likely to love him all the better for that. He seldom spoke of himself, but when he did it was without those little disguises which are common in society. He could afford to do without them. He seemed to have no thoughts that were mean or evil. His ideals were high, his impulses generous. And so, with a timidity unlike her frank pleasantness to

others, she encouraged him and sought to know him better; and before she quite knew him, or was sure what she meant herself, she found herself pledged to a passionate devotion which life alone could end, which was, henceforth, all her life to her.

She had meant it to be, in any case, only a part of her life, to help her with other duties and ambitions; but Ronald, when he accepted her love, demanded also the absorption of her thoughts, her desires, her plans, her affections, her convictions, into his own. He gave her in return a passionate tenderness, admiration, and gratitude which were, I suppose, a sufficient reward for anything that she might sacrifice to him.

At any rate she was very happy, happier than I could have made her, though I should have loved her in a different way. But her life henceforth was not one of roses. They were engaged for five years. The first year Ronald spent in England, the next four were passed in Australia, where he accepted an appointment on which he hoped in time to be able to marry. I believe that, if he had followed a mode of life which was personally more distasteful to him, he might have remained in England and married sooner; but Dora was satisfied with all he did. I do not wonder at it, because she saw straight into his heart, which was always open to her, and found there only a passionate love for herself and an intense determination to make no compromise with anything mean or ignoble.

Dora had belonged to an opulent family. She had been educated by a rich and childless uncle; but his death left her penniless and without many friends. Her worldly-minded relatives, had been alienated by her engagement to Ronald Lester—or they found it convenient to say so—and her uncle had left his fortune elsewhere. If she had married according to his wishes he would without doubt have provided for her sufficiently.

As it was, he left her to realise the full consequences of her obstinacy, as he had considered it, and she was glad to accept the situation as governess which some one offered to her after his death. I had a home which she might have shared, and at the time there was a rumour that her engagement had been broken off. I therefore ventured to come forward and speak for myself.

She was angry at first, but when I told her of the rumour she forgave me. She looked at me with her large dark eyes and said softly, "But if it were broken off, I could not marry anybody else. Do you think one could feel—that sort of thing—twice over?"

"Many people do,—most people," I answered her.

"Not I; not after feeling it for him. If he were to die now I should feel the same always."

Five years after they were first engaged Dora came out to Australia to marry Ronald. I was myself there at the time. There was quite a little colony of us, for it included Winny Ranger, formerly Winny Brown, Dora Wyntree's cousin and school-friend. She was but a foolish little creature, selfish, simple and pretty; very affectionate, however, full of tender impulses and gratitudes, which generally came to nothing except fresh appeals. She always said that she owed everything to Dora, that she would do anything for Dora, and I suppose she meant it. "Such a dear little thing! So full of feeling!" so her friends used to speak of Winny Brown; and her friends said the same of Winny Ranger, who was now a widow and rather poorly provided for, with one little baby-girl to look after.

Ronald Lester had never cared for his betrothed's cousin. The strong demands which he made on all those with whom he was intimate soon touched bottom in the selfishness of her nature. She could be gushingly affectionate, but not silently self-repressing. Yet he had always shown

her a genial indulgence, and she had fancied herself a favourite with him. He admired her beauty, liked her caressing flattery, and showed her a sort of playful attention in those early days when he avoided Dora. Therefore Winny was astonished when the engagement was first announced. "Why, I thought he admired *me*!" she said. "He positively seemed to hate you. Are you sure there is not a mistake?" She became convinced, in time, that there was no mistake, and her own heart was not touched at all; though she would willingly have married Ronald, out of vain delight that so serious a man should become her captive.

Presently she fell in love, after her own light fashion, with that young scapegrace Fred Ranger. Her own people opposed the match; she had secret meetings, tried to run away with him, and got herself into much trouble and disgrace. Dora helped her out of her difficulties, persuaded her to a more discreet patience, used on her behalf a diplomacy which she never practised for herself; and so arranged everything that the marriage was permitted, a small portion was handed over to Winny, and an appointment was found for Fred, by Ronald's influence, in the same house which employed Ronald himself. Fred Ranger took his young wife out to Australia and died shortly afterwards, leaving her only the small fortune which had been her own marriage portion.

As a widow she was as gay and as affectionate as ever, particularly kind to Ronald "for Dora's sake," and it was to her house that Dora went out to be married. I had tired of England long before, and had, somehow or other, drifted out to the same place. I had spent some time in travel, and had qualified myself for various journeys of exploration by attending some medical lectures and going, so far as I could without taking a degree, into hospital and medical work before I left England. The sort of knowledge

thus obtained I had found useful to me in many ways. When I came across Ronald Lester he invited me to stay with him, and a sort of curiosity that I had about him made me glad to do so. I wondered how, since he cared so much for Dora, he could contrive to live without her; but I soon became convinced that he was quite as much in love with her as ever. He was holding himself in hand with a sort of fiery patience which was strange to me; the thought of her seemed to possess his life, yet he never seemed to have supposed it possible to sacrifice other aims to secure her sooner. When once, however, the marriage was settled and she was coming out to him, his feeling for her seemed to leap out of the strong restraint he had put upon it.

"To think," he said, "that I have lived without her all these years, and known that she was in the same world, not another! If I had thought about it I suppose I could not have done it. Now I can dare to think. In another week she will be here, and then, nothing but death, nothing but death, can part us any more!" He rose, stretched himself with the air of a man breaking loose from a long restraint put upon himself; then he went out to the sunset, behind which, somewhere, she sailed towards him. It was strange to me to hear him speak so unreservedly, and he never did it again; but even then I noticed that he thought of his own loss, and not of what she had felt all these long and lonely years.

II.

If there was in the world any man on whose honour and faithfulness a woman might fully rely, I should have said that man was Ronald Lester. Little as I liked him in some ways, I could have trusted him as completely as—more completely than—myself. His nature seemed less open to indirect temptation; any breach of confidence seemed to be impossible to him.

It remains then a terrible mystery to me that for such a man such a fate should have been held in reserve.

I had read of similar things before. I knew of the man who was so affected by a bullet in his brain that for half the months of his life he was a thief and a liar, the other half a good and honest fellow. I knew of the girl whom an attack of illness reduced to childishness, so that she began to live and learn again, forgetting her past; until a second and crueller attack restored her strangely to her old self, to find that, in the years she had lost, all her life had altered, and her lover had long before married another woman. I knew of these things; but we do not expect such horrors to come into our own lives. Somehow we, and those we love, are (according to our expectations) to be exempt from the more terrible afflictions of our race. "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord," we cry, "may these things come!" And suddenly they are with us, and of us, and are ourselves, and we awake to know the whole horror of that which was but a word and a name to us.

I am glad to think that Dora Wyntree had one happy evening after she landed in Australia. Ronald met her and took her to her cousin's, and when he came back to me at night he had the air of a man who has been in Paradise. "She is more beautiful than ever," he said to me. "If I had seen her often I could never have waited here."

They were to be married in a few days. If they had been married at once, I suppose, the circumstances that followed must have been different, but how different I cannot say. The morning after Dora's arrival Ronald met with a bad accident. He was thrown from the horse he was riding, his foot was entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged along a rough road for some distance before he could be rescued. He was taken up unconscious and carried to Mrs. Ranger's to be nursed. There was a young surgeon in the place who was called in to

attend him. He pronounced the injury to the head serious, but was very hopeful of recovery, and congratulated us all on the fact that the patient could have the care of his future wife, evidently a born nurse.

I did not myself see Ronald for some days. He was quite unconscious at first and afterwards was kept very quiet. Winny, however, gave good accounts of him. She had begun to sit with him a little in the daytime, while Dora rested, and she thought that he was coming round very nicely. So did the young doctor. I only saw Dora once or twice for a few minutes, and then she seemed to me anxious and tired.

A private engagement of my own called me away for some days, and when I returned—for a brief interval only—I was told that Mr. Lester was recovering rapidly and would soon be quite strong again. I was therefore surprised to get a note from Dora Wyntree asking if I would call and see her soon, as she wished to consult me on a point of importance. I was the only old friend who was near her, she wrote, and my medical knowledge might help her. I went at once to Mrs. Ranger's, and was received by Mrs. Ranger herself.

"Oh, he's doing beautifully," she said to me, "only he's very irritable sometimes. Convalescents are, you know. And somehow Dora does not manage him now; she who was always called such a good nurse. She misunderstands and vexes him. He gets on much better with me. I take things more lightly, you see. And so I am a great deal with him now. The marriage? Oh, we don't speak of that just yet. I will send Dora to you. I think her quite unreasonably anxious. Do tell her to take things easily."

When Dora came I could see that she was not taking things easily, though she took them quietly.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I want you to see him. You have known him a long time. You

will tell me if he seems the same; or if the difference was there—before.”

“What difference?” I asked her.

“I cannot tell you. No one else sees it. They seem even to like him better. But he seems to me different—from what I remember. And—” she said looking earnestly at me, and speaking with some hesitation, “I have found out that he does not like me to be in the room; though he tries to hide it from me. I distress him, though I don’t know why; so I go away now, and leave him a great deal to Winny.”

Her voice trembled as she spoke. I saw that a great fear was in her heart, a fear which she would not utter. She was facing it alone.

“I will see him,” I said to her, “and give you my opinion.”

My interview with Ronald was a strange one. The seriousness of the man seemed gone: he spoke lightly and oddly; but he seemed to be in easy and pleasant spirits, and Winny laughed a good deal at the clever things he said,—and some of them were really very clever. I spoke of Dora. A look of distress, even of perplexity, came over his face; but he struggled with the feeling, whatever it was, that oppressed him. “She worries herself,” he said. “I wish you would tell her to take things easily,—like Winny.”

I had seen enough. I went back to Dora. “I think it would be best for you to go away for a time,” I told her.

“For his sake?”

“For the sake of both of you. His mind will recover its tone most quickly in that way, and without any effort. Effort is bad for him.”

She sat down in a chair and looked at the table-cloth but answered nothing.

“Do not take it too seriously,” I said to her. “We must give him a little time, and it will be all right. This sort of thing is not unusual. He has had a bad accident and has not quite got over it.”

“But the others?”

“The others see nothing; but you were right. I am glad you spoke to me. Now do as I tell you.”

She did not rebel; and I cannot think even now that I made a mistake. She would have gone through worse trials, bitterer humiliations, if she had remained with him. A lady, who was a friend of mine, and who lived at some distance, invited her to go to her for rest and change of air for a short time; and she went.

I did not see the parting. I suppose it was a strange one. On one side a hidden tragedy, on the other a light and casual farewell. And, Winny, as spectator, laughed and was very gay.

It was some weeks afterwards, that I (who was again up country, engaged on my own enterprises) received another summons from Dora. She was still staying with the friend with whom I had placed her.

“It was foolish perhaps to ask you to come,” she said, so soon as I saw her—for there was no one else present at the interview—“but I thought I should like you just to know—you have been a very good friend to me—and I did not feel that I could write it. They are to be married very soon.”

“They? Who?”

“Ronald and Winny.”

“The—scoundrel!”

“Oh, no,” she urged piteously, “not Ronald! He cannot help it. You know that.”

“Then Mrs. Ranger must be mad.”

“No. She does not understand. I do not think she could. She says that he is very fond of her; that he always preferred her—really; but he tried to like me, because I seemed good and could help him in what he wanted to do. But now he knows—this illness and the way she nursed him—and the way I nursed him—have shown him that—the other thing—would have made him very unhappy.”

“And she believes all this?”

“Yes.”

I was silent for a moment. Then I asked, "Has he no conscience left?"

"Oh, yes. But he cannot help it; and I,—I have made it easy to him."

There was the whole situation in a nutshell. He could no longer help it; and so she had made it easy to him.

But I protested against the situation. "This state of things is only temporary," I said, "he will probably, in time, become just what he once was. It is shocking that he should take an irretrievable step now. He could not do it if Mrs. Ranger had been true to you and herself."

"She believes him," said Dora simply, "and I think he is very urgent."

In this case he was, I believe, very urgent. He was not sure of himself, did not understand himself, and could not bear to wait. He wanted to escape at once from his serious past into a light and easy present which suited his altered temperament. Effort and endurance—once his second nature—had now become intolerable to him; and the presence of those who might expect him to be strong and endure, was for the time intolerable too.

He did not like to see me, but I made a point of visiting him once before his marriage, and of urging delay. I did not do it for Dora's sake; she had made me promise that I would not. It was on other grounds that I protested against the marriage; but I only made Lester very angry. He assured me that he was doing the wisest thing, the best for everybody. "I very nearly ruined my own happiness," he said, "and Dora's as well, by mistaking a sort of intellectual sympathy for personal love. She would have been miserable as my wife. She sees that now, and is glad to be free."

Still I urged delay.

"There is every reason against it," he said. "Winny wants looking after; and when she is my wife she can look after Dora, and be a friend to her. That is what I want. Dora would be very lonely, you know, otherwise."

And so they were married; but the promised friendship was ineffectual. Winny had plenty to absorb her in other ways, and somehow Ronald's money did not now go so far as before. He was easy and extravagant, as was his wife. He became a brilliant talker, but rather a careless worker. He took everything pleasantly and lightly; he became very popular socially, a charming acquaintance for all, a real friend to none. Yet some people thought him improved, especially Winny. She said he was *so* clever, everybody told her so; but his temper was odd and capricious; home life did not suit him; it was almost necessary for them to visit a good deal, whether they could afford it or not.

Meanwhile Dora remained as a governess where she had gone as a friend. She had a hard life of it; the lady of the house fell into ill-health, the children were naughty, and there was far too much work thrown upon Dora's hands. She did not wish, however, to return to England. She had gone away to be married, and the thought of such a return was naturally painful to her. So she stayed where she was. I saw her from time to time; but she never asked me news of the Lesters, and I believe that Winny soon gave up writing to her. Winny's temper was getting spoilt by contact with a nature she did not understand; she had, besides, her sickly little girl to take up much of her time.

At last this sort of life came to an end. The lady who was Dora's friend and the mother of her pupils died; the children were sent away to school, and Dora determined to go back to England. Perhaps she thought she was old enough not to mind the strange humiliation of her return; perhaps the past seemed now far enough behind her to be faced even in the land of her happiest memories. I had always kept a sort of guardianship over her from a distance. Once more I ventured to ask her to marry me, but she answered: "No, no; I belong to him,—not to Winny's husband, but the

Ronald that used to be. He never wronged me. I am as much his widow as if he had died then. I shall never change. If this terrible thing had happened to me instead of to him, he would have been faithful to me, whatever I did. I will be true to him." This was indeed the strangest instance of faith in the face of fact that I had ever come across; and yet, I think, she was right. The one most cruelly wronged of all of us was Ronald; but fate, and not she, had wronged him.

III.

If Dora went to England, however, I must go too, and I took passage in the same vessel. She showed as much confidence in my friendship as in Ronald's blameless faithfulness, letting me act as a sort of elderly kinsman to her; but I was really very little older than herself, no older at all than Ronald. He, however, with all his seriousness, had always possessed the enchanting and fervid quality of youth, and this was denied to me; perhaps this was why women trusted, but did not love me.

It was with a great shock of surprise that I discovered, when we were already on board the vessel, that the Lesters were to be our fellow-passengers to England. I had seen little of them for some time, and it appeared that they had come away at the last quite suddenly. Ronald had lost his appointment, so Winny told me, but she did not regret it; he would do so much better in England. I gathered from her also that they had lived beyond their means, and were much in debt; and I discovered afterwards that her own small portion had gone with the rest. She told me that Ronald had been very strange lately, and restless; he wanted to get away to new places. When I saw him he looked to me like a haunted man; his old self had been gradually coming to life and tormenting him. He dared not face the look of it, and was trying to escape from it. He passed over his

difficulties, however, with an air of bravado, very unlike his old character. When he and Dora met face to face for the first time, after those long years, I saw a look of absolute horror in his eyes, as if the past confronted him like a spectre. But she smiled gently, and put out her hand, and he immediately recovered himself. He spoke to her then with an exaggerated air of friendliness and ease, and turned aside to talk to her. She leaned over the bulwarks and looked at the water, and I heard their conversation. I suppose that to strangers there would have been nothing at all distasteful in what he said. Most persons would have pronounced him a clever, but rather egotistic man. To her I know that there were a lightness and unreality in his manner and conversation which pained her inexpressibly. She answered him quietly and composedly, but I know that she was glad when he went away. She remained where she was then, and did not look round; but when I went to her, the hand which she took away from her eyes (as if she had been shading them from the sun) was wet with tears. That was the only time that I ever saw her weep for her trouble; and it was for the change in him, not for the loss to her.

She kept almost entirely in her own cabin after that, pleading sickness. Winny was also very much occupied with her little girl, who was very sick. I saw a good deal of Ronald, and noticed how restless and excited, how impatient and irritable he was. The ship seemed too small for him, its pace too slow. Sometimes he avoided me, sometimes he sought me out half defiantly.

Then we encountered a great storm, from which the ship came out waterlogged, a drifting wreck. After that there were dreadful days of heat and calm; the sea shone and the sun burned, and the heart sickened with hope delayed. The men worked at the pumps, and we all watched for a sail. We were far from land, but we

might keep up for some days yet, the captain said, if we had quiet weather. Meanwhile we slowly drifted, and we hoped that we were drifting landwards.

Winny's little girl was very ill, and her mother rarely left her. Ronald showed himself always more excited and impatient of inactivity. His wife told me that he hardly slept at all, and begged me to give him a sedative. I did so at last; but the result was unfortunate, for the medicine made him more wakeful still; and the next day, which was one of fiery heat, found him worse than ever. He would not be advised or controlled; he exposed himself with mad imprudence to the whole force of the sun, and by night time he was, not at all to my astonishment, struck down by some strange illness, whether a form of sunstroke or of brain fever I could not tell. He was at first unconscious, then wildly delirious, and knew no one. His wife could not leave her little girl, and I was obliged to have some help. Dora offered hers. He did not recognise her, and in the distracted state of every one on board it would have been difficult to find any one else fit for the work. I think she was glad to have it, and I was glad to give it to her. So we nursed him together, she and I, for more than one day and night; while the ship drifted, drifted, and the captain said we drew nearer land. Ronald talked wildly of the long past, when he was a boy at school; of his mother and his sisters; but of Winny or of Dora he said not a word.

At last there came a night when he opened his eyes and looked about him observantly. I saw the look and knew that a change had come. This was the old Ronald that we had known. In the mystic land in which he had wandered he had somehow come across the lost tracks and followed them. How could we welcome him back to a world which was no longer the same?

"Dora!" he murmured, "Dora!"

She turned her startled gaze to mine (for she stood beside his bed), and I looked at her imperatively. She understood what I meant to say, and obeyed me.

"Yes," she said, "I am here, Ronald."

"I knew," he murmured, "that you would be here. Through all the evil dreams I knew that you waited for me at the end. Give me your hand."

I had drawn silently nearer to her. Now I whispered, "Do whatever he asks you. He will soon fall asleep, and then you shall go."

She gave him her hand, and he clasped it in both his own. Then his eyes closed, he seemed to be satisfied. But she gazed at me imploringly. "Do not go away," she whispered.

That was indeed a strange night for me and for her; for him it was, I think, a happy one. He spoke now and then; and she answered him in her soft, clear tones, for he would not be satisfied otherwise. "It is beautiful to hear your voice in the darkness," he said; "it comes to me like something I have waited a lifetime for. Speak to me again. Tell me you are here." And she answered him softly but distinctly, "I am here." She kept her head bent; I could not see her face in the dim light; I knew not what great force of self-repression she was using: but her voice was clear enough. And yet how strange it was to hear the things he said to her, and to know the truth! I had no right to hear them; but if I had gone away she would not have stayed. So I had to endure it. I suppose that what she endured was worse. He spoke to her as her lover, to whom she was to be married in a few days; and she knew that he had been for years the husband of another woman.

What he said was I suppose much what every passionate lover says to his mistress, but there was an intensity in his voice which affected even me. I did not wonder that she had given her heart to him in the past. He

seemed at last a little dissatisfied with her gentle reticence, and asked, "Is any one else here?" I answered, "I am here. You have been very ill, and I have been helping to nurse you." "Oh," he murmured, "I have been ill. That accounts for many things. But for that we should have been married already; should we not, Dora? And I have had strange dreams. Now I can sleep quietly, having heard your dear voice in the darkness. Kiss me, darling, and go and rest."

She hesitated for a moment; then she bent over him and touched his lips lightly with hers. But he put out his arms—I could see this, because the cabin was not dark, as he said, only dimly lighted—and strained her to his heart in a long and close embrace. She rose to her feet as he released her, and I saw that a strong shudder went through her whole frame; otherwise she stood quite still and silent. I was afraid that I had demanded too much from her; but I saw that in a moment she had recovered herself, and with a quiet step she left the cabin. She said no word to me.

I waited beside him until he fell asleep, and then I went to seek her, having some vague fear on her behalf. As I did so I passed the cabin where Winny slept with her child. The door was open, and she was talking to it rather fretfully. "Is he better?" she asked as she heard me; and I answered "Yes," which seemed to satisfy her.

When I came to the door of Dora's cabin all seemed dark and silent. Stretching out my hand to knock I found that the latch had been injured in the storm; there was no real fastening, and the door swung open before me. There was a dim light within by which I could see Dora. She lay on the floor on her face with her head on her arms, as still as if she were dead. There was something shocking to me in the abandonment of her attitude, as if at last her grief had beaten her to the earth and she

could no longer hold up against it. But she was very quiet; not a tremor ran through her white fingers, which were clasped beneath her head upon the floor. I closed the door softly and went. No one could help her or comfort her. She must bear and conquer her trouble alone.

Ronald slept so well and so naturally that towards morning I ventured to leave him and to go up on deck. The sea was still. At last, far off, was a glimpse of land.

Presently Dora joined me. She was carefully dressed and quite composed. There was even a smile on her face as she pointed to the distant shore. "After all," she said, "we are going to be saved."

I looked in her eyes as she spoke, and I should have liked to ask her, "Do you want to be saved?" But it would have been cruel to speak so in the face of her courage.

As I stood with her there, still talking of the chance of reaching shore, an unforeseen circumstance happened. Ronald Lester, fully dressed, but walking a little uncertainly, and looking a shadow of his former self, came up on deck and joined us. I had expected to keep him below, and I had intended to inform him, as judiciously as possible, of his present situation before he saw either Winny or Dora. Now I hardly knew what to do. Dora turned a little paler—she had never much colour now, though she kept her beauty wonderfully—and looked down at the water.

"I am better," said Ronald, "so I got up. I wanted to see—Dora." He looked round him with a little bewilderment and a good deal of uneasiness. It struck me that he was relieved when he saw no one else near us.

"I suppose I have been ill for some time," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "for some time."

"And things have probably happened which I do not remember yet?"

"Many things."

He looked very much troubled, but gathered himself together, as it were, and replied: "Ah well, they can wait. I need not understand it all just yet. I am here, and Dora is here,"—his look at her expressed everything it could do as he said this,—"so the rest matters very little. It seems odd that you should have brought me to sea when I was ill. I remember the beginning of an accident. I suppose you thought that change of air——?" He seemed half afraid to proceed further, yet anxious to know more. I did not answer him, and he did not pursue the subject of his accident, but asked, "Have we been shipwrecked?"

"We are quite disabled, and half full of water. We can hardly keep afloat a couple of hours longer. But the boats are being got ready, and we are near enough land to reach it."

"Are there many women and children on board?" His air of curiosity was blended with anxiety. What did he dread to hear? Did his dreams haunt him painfully? "Some women and children," I answered, not daring to speak of Winny and the little girl. Surely he would remember them presently. Dora looked ever at the sea. If he would remember it would save us both much trouble. I cannot say how much time passed while we stood there. For once I felt paralyzed. The situation overpowered me; and Dora expected me to act. A strange lassitude of content rested upon Ronald. He seemed to have got back, a broken man indeed, but himself as he used to be, into a haven left long ago. The mere fact of Dora's presence was sufficient for him. He preferred, apparently, to ask no more.

Meanwhile the deck had become a busy scene. The boats were being prepared, the passengers were crowding forward, eager to take their places. At last I saw Winny, with an anxious face, and her child,—a heavy weight for her now—in her arms, coming towards us.

"Are you so much better, Ronald?"

she cried. "Oh, I am so glad. But why does nobody tell me what to do? I thought Dora would come, or somebody."

Ronald looked at me oddly.

"Who is the little girl?" he said. "I seem to remember her in my dream. It was not a pleasant dream."

I went to Winny, intending to lead her away. The foolish thought that she had no right there, that she was an intruder, was in my mind. But she would not be so taken possession of by me. "We must go in the first boat," she protested; "but Ronald must go with us. Why does he not come?"

"He is ill," I answered promptly. "Take your child and go forward. I will look after him."

She was reluctant to go, afraid to stay; but she moved away. I ought to have been more sorry for the poor woman than I was.

Dora turned now to Ronald and looked him full in the face. "I think you ought to go and look after her if you are able," she said gently.

"And leave *you*? Why?" but I saw a doubt, a dreadful memory, begin to gather in his eye.

"Because she is your wife. You have been ill and have forgotten."

I saw then that I ought not to have left her to do this cruel thing; but I had been stupefied before. He leaned forward heavily and trembled. "That was the dream," he said; "you do not mean to tell me that it was true. It *cannot* be true. I could not do it."

She did not answer him.

"How long is it,—since?"

"Five years."

"And I have been married to her?"

"More than four."

"And you,—in those five years?"

Her smile was a bitter-sweet one as she answered him, "I have lived; we can none of us do more,—or less."

"It is impossible!" he cried. "She was your friend. If I could do it, she could not."

"She was not to blame. You wished it very much," she answered gently.

"I—wished it?" and he laughed scornfully; and yet I think he began to remember it all,—but as if it had happened to another man.

"No one was to blame," she persisted, with a grave sweetness, which seemed to influence him and to calm him at the same time. "Not you, nor I, nor she. And what you have to bear I have borne for five years. I think we must make the best of it now."

"But you wronged no one," he protested passionately, awaking in a bewildered way to the whole meaning of the situation.

"Nor you," she answered simply. "You never could. It was not in your nature; it is not in your nature now."

He listened to her intently, as if—feeling so utterly astray—he sought guidance in her voice. "You mean that my duty is elsewhere?"

She did not answer, but her silence was expressive.

"And the little girl is her baby, whom I remember."

Nobody spoke. Perhaps his dream spoke for us. It was better so. Words seemed impossible; they meant too much and too little.

"I understand," he said, after a moment's pause, "that they belong to me. I will go and put them in the boat. Then I will come back to you."

He seemed gifted with a new energy, as he turned and walked steadily away. I did not think of going; I, at least, belonged to Dora, and had never forfeited my right to look after her.

But he came back again presently, and waited with us silently. Not one of us seemed in a hurry to go. We were willing to remain for the last boat, as the others were launched and rowed rapidly away over the bright sea. It appeared then that the only passengers left were Ronald, myself and Dora. Dora had been pressed

to go before, but she gave up her place to some one else. In the confusion I think that it was not quite understood that a lady had been left behind for the last boat. Neither Ronald nor I urged her to do anything but what she wished. If she preferred to give the best chance of life to others,—even to men—I thought that she had the right to do it.

And then it was discovered that the boat left for us had been badly injured in the storm, and the accident had been overlooked until now. Already the other boats were far away, and they were, besides, fully laden. Except ourselves, every one had been eager to get away from the doomed ship. Moments were of value, and it would take long to repair the boat efficiently. It was a strange oversight which had made this situation possible.

The captain came to me, his face white with the anguish of remorse. "We will make what haste we can," he said, "but if the ship sinks first, the lady—" he could not go on. "We shall have to swim for it, you know."

"I will do my best for her," I answered; "you and the men do what is possible with the boat." I knew that my help would have been useless there, I should only have got in the way.

Ronald and Dora leant over the side of the vessel together. They understood our position, and did not seem afraid. I lingered near them, remembering my promise to help her. The conversation which I heard, and of which they made no secret, seemed a continuation of something that had been said before. "I wonder what comforted you most in all those years," he was saying to her. "Duty?"

"Duty sometimes means despair," she answered gently. It was strange to me to hear the hard things she said in her soft voice. Indeed I thought that she revenged herself in that last interview somewhat for her long silence. Perhaps she could not

resist the temptation of speaking at last to one who loved and understood her. I had indeed loved and understood her all the time, but that did not appear to count for much. As for him, he seemed now to realise the situation fully. His awakening had been rapid in the sudden crisis thrust upon us.

"I wonder if life or death is before us?" he said. "In another world, at least, you will belong to me."

"Do you want another world?" she answered. "Has not one been enough?"

Hers was a strange creed, first learned, I fancy, from him. But she found in it that which a good woman finds apparently everywhere, a reason to love and to forgive, a lesson of patience and endurance and faithfulness. He had, on the other hand, a strong instinct of rebellion and indignation against that hard hand of fate which he had once declared irresponsible and inevitable.

"I cannot bear it," he said suddenly; and then he added, "You kissed me last night in the cabin. Let me kiss you again now. The ship is going down presently with us both." But she shrank away from him in horrified surprise. "Who will know it or be the worse for it?" he persisted.

"I should know it and be the worse for it," she answered.

"Yet last night——"

"Last night you did not understand."

"And you gave it to me as a sort of tonic, as you would have given me any other medicine that was ordered. You are cruel to me after all. You never loved me as I loved you."

"Oh, hush!" she said, and her voice broke into a sob at last. "After all these years,—when I have hardly borne even to touch any other hand, because yours——" She could not go on further, but he was melted to tenderness and repentance. "Forgive me! forgive me!" I saw him put his hand on hers where it had rested

near him; and she did not move away, but let her fingers clasp his, while a new look of peace and comfort stole into her face. "I wrong you every way. Trust me; love me; I ask no more from you. Only tell me this; have you had any thought that has been a compensation to you for all that I made you endure, that I did not know you were enduring?"

"Yes," she answered; "that you have loved me, and that I need not blame you in anything—in anything. I never have blamed you, and I never will."

"You never shall have need again."

I moved away from them. I could not bear to hear more. Was this a farewell or a reunion? I put the length of the ship between myself and them, forgetting my design of keeping near her. While I was far off the ship gave a great shudder,—and then we all went down together. I was not drowned, having been never a lucky man. I reached shore safely enough; so did the captain and all the men with him; but no one saw Ronald or Dora any more.

I found Winny already on land, very unhappy, and asking what she had better do. There seemed a sort of reason why I should provide for her in the circumstances; she almost expected it, and I have, so far, fulfilled her expectations.

When I look back I cannot say that Dora Wyntree was more unhappy than many women. She had at least her moment of triumph at the end, when her faith in human truth and human tenderness was vindicated. She kept her ideals and her self respect to the last. "Whom the gods love die young." I do not see for myself any prospect of a speedy death. And no woman ever loved me as she loved Ronald. To some the wine of life brings bitterness and anguish and despair; but there are others who never taste it. The cup is served to them empty.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN TRAVANCORE.

EVER so long ago, as the story books say, Rama, prince and hero, exiled from his throne, travelled through the vast forest which then stretched along the east coast of India, whence the demon ruler of Ceylon bore off Sita his ravished wife. The bereaved Rama invoked the aid of the kindly and cunning monkey folk, who recovered Sita unharmed from the demon's clutches. The storied land, where the events of the great Indian epic took place, has now been visited for the second time by a member of the English royal family, and his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor of Wales has been shooting over the very hills whence the king of the apes leapt over to Ceylon by a single bound—the blue and beautiful hills of Southern Travancore surrounded on south, east and west by the sea that dashes on the rocks of Cape Comorin.

In these days, however, you travel through the great forest by rail regardless of the demon of Ceylon, and you halt at intervals of ten miles or so at towns and villages. Yet are the old conditions by no means forgotten. At Madras the book-stall boy offers me a translation of the *Ramayana* just as in England you would be offered the last new novel. The preface to this work runs: "Natives of India evince a great aversion to poetry. It is hoped this translation will give them a just appreciation of English poetry, whose peculiar melody and comprehensive expression is suited to convey the loftiest and most sublime thought." What follows is, I daresay, no worse than some of our Latin hexameters at school. For example:

The giant King, when woke from his long sleep,
Rushed out, forgetting the by-word "Look
ere you leap."

At such a scene the monkeys were with
panic seized,
Each fled for life, for fear it would to
death be squeezed.

Once clear of the large and scattered city of Madras, where the Prince had been staying with Lord Connemara, the little train runs along through fields of rice, past high waving crops of sugar-cane and castor-oil, gilded by the sun or silvered by the moon; past thickets of copper-coloured croton, clumps of large-feathered bamboos and groves of little-feathered tamarinds, gold-dropping laburnums, and forests of cocoanut and palmyra trees. Not seldom you cross the sandy bed of a big river beneath which trickles to the sea a rill of living water, which a few hours of rain will convert into a raging torrent. All along the way you are reminded that, "Here in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm." Often above the trees rise the tall towers of some temple of Siva, or of Vishnu who came down upon earth and was made man in the person of the very hero hymned above. Yet more often in the shady groves are images of demons, horses, elephants, the gods of the untaught poor. Beneath a sacred fig tree, the leaves of which no Hindu wanting fuel would ever burn, lies the image of a cobra. Upon the trunk of a tamarind a streak of red proclaims the presence of some spirit of the place, whose "shadowy answers" are waved to worshippers by the graceful boughs of the tree. Before the shrine of one god are strewn rose leaves, the earth before another is wet with the blood of cocks and goats. Everywhere is the dread goddess of evil in general, and small-pox in particular, feared, prayed to and propitiated. On every side is some tall temple or fantastic fane. The ground whereon you tread is holy,

as you are reminded by the name of every other place you pass. Yet these diverse temples are not all of different creeds, as we should say. The professor of the most degraded superstition, when he goes to the town, worships at the temple of the Brahmans and is welcomed there. He may have only a little light; the more reason for not casting him out. The Brahman Pantheism is sufficiently comprehensive to include them all within its tolerant fold. If the English dominion in India ceased, and the missionaries left with their compatriots, it is not unlikely that the Brahmans would soon adopt the few low caste converts to Christianity. Christ they might represent, like Rama, as an avatar or incarnation of one of the great gods, and some of the Roman Catholic missionaries would probably be canonized for their noble and self-sacrificing lives. It is only to Europeans that this toleration seems strange. In the neighbouring empire of China one and the same man may be a Shintoist and follower of Confucius, will certainly worship his own ancestors, and will very probably be a bit of a Buddhist into the bargain.

A traveller has time to look about him in India. Even from the windows of the train he can see something. It does not hurry. The labourers pause as it passes, and look up to smile and salaam, the station-masters gossip with the more important passengers, and finally the long line of carriages, filled by crowded and profitable natives and a few space-occupying and unproductive Europeans, reaches its destination. As you get further south interminable cotton-fields and tall crops of millet replace the rice, and on your right you see the Western Ghats and the site of a settlement in which, through the fierce summer days a cool and balmy air breathes over woods of ilex, eugenia, and rhododendron, another world than that which here below is winking in the heat of afternoon.

On the evening of the second day

his Royal Highness's special train reaches Tinnevely, and with him come Sir Edward Bradford, Captains Holford, Harvey, and Edwards, and Dr. Jones. On the morning of the third day the party starts for Courtallum, a frontier station between British territory and the beautiful and well-governed state of Travancore. As we drive through the town every verandah window and roof is crowded, and the carriages pass at frequent intervals under arches of plantain leaves and garlands of oleander. The palms and wild tulip trees are girdled with rings of red and white paint in token of welcome, and occasionally we see a pillar of living verdure. This most beautiful of decorations is peculiar, I think, to this part of India. The mortar is sown with seeds, and on the day desired these sprout into seedlings of exquisite new-born greenery, which make the pillar to look like a living column of vegetation.

On the way by the road-side stands the venerable Bishop Caldwell in cap and gown. The Prince halts to speak to him, the school children sing the national anthem, and a dainty little girl, whose brown limbs are swathed in yellow silk, is lifted up to put a garland of roses round his Royal Highness's neck.

Then we drive beyond the town for thirty miles, through a stony and rather barren country, between avenues of wild tulip trees bright with red and yellow flowers, and under bowery banyans, till we reach the British Residency at Courtallum.

At the Residency the Maharajah of Travancore and the Resident, Mr. Hannyngton, await the Prince's arrival. His Highness, a fair and courteous prince of forty years, was clothed in dark-blue velvet, and wore the light-blue ribbon and star of a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India. He received his royal guest with great cordiality, and proposed his health after that of the Queen at dinner, through part of which he sat, eating and drinking of course none of

the good things provided for his guests. This place is called Kuttalam or Courtallum, which is, being interpreted, the washing away of sin. A sacred river rushes down a sacred hill and falls in foaming cataracts over a black and dripping precipice into a sacred pool beside the temple walls. The contours of the hillside to the right and left were marked out at nightfall by little oil lamps, and the rushing waters took the varying tints of the pyrotechnist, the luxuriant vegetation of the hillside looking weird and unreal in these unaccustomed lights. Around the temple were dense crowds of natives, and bands of dancing girls laden with jewels, and redolent of saffron and jasmine, who wished to march before the Prince. At every turn, by every tree, at every rock, by every name, we are reminded of the sanctity of the place and its effect on the people. What is the evidence on which they rely who say of Hinduism what was said of Paganism when it made its last stand against Christianity, who hold that it has reached

That last drear mood
Of envious sloth and proud decrepitude,
While . . . whining for dead gods that cannot save
The toothless systems shiver to their grave?

Surely of such it may be said that having eyes they see not.

When the Prince returned the Maharajah's call, we saw a very striking oil painting by a Travancore artist, representing a Nair lady of that country clad in white muslin and playing the vina, a kind of compromise between the harp and violin in sound and shape. The Nairs are the land-holders of the western coast, and their ladies, and, indeed, the women of the upper classes in general on that coast, are well-favoured, and often extremely beautiful. They are also very independent, especially in the matter of marriage. Some one offers a cloth; that is the proposal. If she

accepts it, that is the marriage. If she gets tired of her husband she dismisses him and engages another, but she does not keep two at a time. Besides being well-favoured, independent, and perhaps somewhat lazy, the Nair lady is also religious. Any morning you may see her walking around the sacred fig tree outside the temple yard, her hair black and glossy as the raven's wing, her skin a light bamboo colour with a dash of lemon in its tint, her linen ample and spotless yet displaying no little of her shapely limbs. In her ears are solid wheels of gold, and around her neck a massive golden necklace. Over her head she holds an umbrella of palmyra leaf, and while she mutters her prayers a babe perchance sits astride one hip, supported also by a hand.

The Maharajah has made every preparation that kind forethought can devise to obtain for the Prince a week's good shooting in his territories. Our hopes are high, but not even good administration can ensure good shooting. Long ago, in a great Indian zemindary, I went out after a tiger and failed to find him. Next day I told the *dewan*, or minister, by no means meaning to complain; but he called up the local official, and addressing him with the grave and courteous manner and doubtful English of the old school in India, said, "Amildar, Amildar, what administration this? No tiger for gentlemen." This happened far from Tinnevely, but here, too, the people are impressed with the importance attached to sport by Europeans. Nearly a thousand years ago there ruled over this land a race of kings called the Pandyans, and a petty landholder held to be of their blood still lives in the district. Bishop Caldwell once asked a hill-man who governed the country now, and he answered, the Pandyan. "But what about the English?" said the Bishop. "Oh, they don't govern; they shoot," said he. It is quite in accordance with the hill-man's idea of the fitness of things that the Queen's grandson

should be a good shot and a keen sportsman. Possibly they may now even give up the Pandyan and adopt the English dominion.

We drove thirty miles to our camp in the forest through the most enchanting scenery. At midday we reached the camp entrenched around by a deep ditch to keep off elephants. Half a dozen little houses, built of bamboo matting, surrounded a central house for the Prince; a dining-room of bamboo was hung around with pictures of sport, and the white ensign and the conch or sacred shell of Travancore were flying from a flagstaff in the centre of the camp.

After breakfast we all started off for a beat. In the dense jungle here this is a very difficult undertaking. The beaters were divided into small parties of ten, more or less, each of which was under the command of a mountaineer, who lives almost among the beasts of the forest and is thoroughly conversant with their ways. Each of these captains of ten carried a bow and a quiver full of arrows. Six small clearings had been made for gun-stations by cutting and removing the perfumed lemon-grass. When the Resident fired off his gun as a signal, demoniac noises disturbed the silent woods, parrakeets fled screeching before voices more hideous than their own, dead leaves fell in torrents rustling and creaking through the trees, and now and again a more concentrated and vigorous symphony of discord raised the hopes of the silent and attentive guns. But not a shot was fired. A wild boar passed within a few yards of me, unseen by all in the long grass, and that was all that came our way. In the fulness of time the beaters came through, and sat down to pick leeches off their legs and thorns from their feet. They had seen the fresh tracks of a tiger inside, and had started several deer and pig, but everything seemed to have gone back. Next we tried another jungle or portion of a jungle, each gun being posted this time on a little

platform in order to see over the long grass. After half an hour's anxious waiting the beat began, and soon there came a shot from the Prince's station next my own, and then a crashing through the long grass of something which, before it reached me and before I could make out what it was, fell heavily in the grass. Then the beaters came through and passed over the place where I supposed the carcase was. They were sent back again to this spot, and soon loud screams of triumph from a hundred throats proclaimed the fact that the Prince had shot a stag—the only blood so far. The sambur runs far bigger than the red deer, and a dozen coolies carried him off to camp staggering under his weight, instead of galloping him on the spot. A little mouse deer not bigger than a rabbit also came out, but was let off by the guns.

On the way home the Prince shot three couple of snipe in a little swamp by the roadside, so he did most of the shooting that day. The stag was dropped by a well-directed ball in the shoulder, but ran a hundred yards or so before he fell. A third beat produced nothing, so a march of thirty miles, three beats, a deer and a few snipe made up the tale of the first day. In these jungles it is just as possible to shoot an elephant, catch a *mahseer*, and shoot a snipe on the same day, as it is in the Highlands to kill a stag, catch a salmon, and shoot a grouse. But in Travancore it must be a very lucky day, and you must get up early.

On the morning of the second day we rose at five, and dressing presented some unusual features in the shape of leech - stockings and salted garters. Each old *shikari* has his own pet protection. Mr. Hannington recommended an arrangement of ordinary socks which might almost invite a leech inside; but the folds are so fixed that when the intruder enters he is seduced into a *cul-de-sac* (or sock), and cannot satisfy his sanguinary instincts. Large garters, first steeped in salt and

then tied below the knee, find much favour with the party, notwithstanding the surgical savour of the plan. Dressing over, we proceed to march ten miles through jungle more open than that of the previous day. There were the same great trees festooned with profuse and luxuriant creepers, the same wealth of reed, of flower and fern; but here were plots and beds of sensitive plant, open glades, and broken grassy uplands dotted with frequent but not continuous trees. At the tenth mile the party divided, the Prince, Mr. Hannington, and Captain Harvey going after an elephant the mountaineers reported to have been seen, but alas! seen two days ago. He had lost one of his tusks. Another elephant, well known to the hill-men, is blind, and always travels with a wide-awake companion. The engineer in charge of this road met him one day while the seeing partner was absent. The beast stood still, and gazed with sightless eyes on the unarmed road-maker till warned off by his returning companion. An elephant does not take road-makers and road-making on trust. A herd has been observed in these hills, when approaching a newly-made bridge, to send its lightest member over first. Intended for men it often gives way, whereon the elephants express their sense of its inefficiency by destroying it. The hill-men gave us no encouraging reports of elephant or bison, and they know their business. It is wonderful to see them track a wounded bison. They hurry along very quickly, but nothing escapes their eyes. They will hold a brief speechless board of inquiry on a fugitive foam flake, investigate a down-trodden blade of grass, and wax silently eloquent over a single hair.

The second camp was as beautifully arranged as the first. The Prince's two rooms were lined with white calico and matted with fine plaited grasses, and all around the platform on which the cottage stood were planted ferns from the jungle. On the tree in the centre of the square beautiful white or-

chids were growing. Around the camp was a trench nine feet deep and twelve feet broad, a very necessary protection against elephants.

In the morning the Prince and his party were unsuccessful and saw nothing. Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley followed a track from 7 A.M. till 2 P.M. and twice got within fifteen yards of a big tusker without getting a shot at him. They caught glimpses of every part of his huge body except the small space between eye and ear where alone he is vulnerable. So cramped and dense is the jungle, and so considerable in consequence is the chance of being charged if you wound your elephant without disabling him, that no sportsman fires at an elephant at a distance of more than twenty yards, so essential is it to make sure of hitting him in the right place. A friend who once lived with me studied their heads in diagrams before starting in pursuit of them. He had anatomical plans all over his table,—“Let *x* be the vital spot.” The house was full of canisters and powder flasks, and saucers of mutton fat and beef fat, and other fats that suited particular classes of cartridges. Wads marked with various hieroglyphics littered the tables, and I daresay he dated his cartridges, as other people do their new-laid eggs. He was very particular, but he held straight, worked hard, and made excellent bags.

At luncheon time we were all rather cast down and trying to take an interest in the English papers, when news came in suddenly of two elephants, both tuskers. The party I joined however saw nothing bigger than a black monkey which I would not, and a Malabar squirrel, which I could not, shoot. On the road home we met a millipede, three-quarters of a foot, and a blue worm a foot and a half long. So local is the rainfall here that walking back with the dust on our boots, we came upon the first flood of a roadside torrent running down its hitherto dry bed, skirted it at the full, and passed beyond its source within half a mile. Two hill-men were with us, short, black, and

aboriginal, with their top-knots worn forward like a lady's fringe, Malabar fashion, and not on the top of their shaven heads as other Hindus use. In their villages, if villages they can be called, are always two or three houses in trees, in which they can take refuge from elephants, who often revenge themselves upon their fellow-dwellers in the forests for helping the sportsmen to destroy them. These men know the way about the dense jungles, and their assistance is needed; but an elephant-track is not difficult to follow. The big beast as he moves along engineers a road for his own destruction. By the way we passed one of the wasteful clearings of our beaters. It had yielded the harvest of two or three short years, and now the once luxuriant wood was changed into a dark and sullen pool of still and stagnant water, in which the calcined stems of the burnt trees were mirrored, like blanched phantoms of their former green and smiling selves. It is impossible to view unmoved the destruction of these glorious forests which would be an earthly paradise, if with the vegetation they had not also been endowed with the atmosphere of a forcing-house.

The others had bad luck again. They tracked three elephants for some miles, and, failing to come up with them, the beaters tried to drive them past the Prince. The rain, however, which had not sufficed to damp our clothes, had well nigh washed his Royal Highness and the Resident off their stations on the rocks, and the noise of the falling drops on the broad leaves and dried *débris* of the jungle, had made it impossible for the beaters without risk to their lives to go in and drive the elephants out. The great gouts of thunderous tropical rain strike the broad receptive leaves of the forest reeds and trees with incredible force and noise. Again we were unavoidably disappointed. The gorgeous butterflies that had spread their green, purple, and yellow wings in the sunlight now disappeared, and bounteous nature pro-

vided creatures of another kind. Specimens were brought in of flying lizards possessing elementary wings and long pouch or dewlap. These reptiles can fly a short distance, generally with a downward tendency.

At dinner plans were made for next day's march of twenty miles, and the head servant announced that "the sheep which had gone on as mutton had died in fits." After dinner the conversation turned on snakes, and Mr. Ferguson told us that the natives here speak of an eight-foot, four-foot, or six-foot snake. Naturally this we interpreted to refer to its length, but in fact it relates to the distance a person bitten by the snake so described can walk before he drops down dead. Fortunately few of the snakes are as bad as they are painted. Oddly enough, crossing the square to the sleeping huts, a snake was viewed. Mr. Ferguson took to pieces with his hands a heap of stones into which the reptile was seen to run in the moonlight. I went for a lantern and soon the snake was despatched. While he was measured, and found to be three feet six inches in length, a Sikh orderly brought up another of the same species, killed in the square, measuring five feet six inches, and marked, as the first one was, with poisonous-looking rings.

The first news in the morning, when we rose again at five o'clock, was that another snake had been killed in camp, and a fourth one marked down in Sir Edward Bradford's hut. After a cup of tea the Prince and Captain Holford started with Mr. Hannington for a third camp up in the hills at a height of four thousand feet. The whole party could not go on owing to difficulty of transport and accommodation, so Captain Edwards and I went out to look for the tracks of elephants. We saw marks of their flat round feet on either side of the road at one spot by the river side, but as we were the first out, and as there were no marks on the road itself corresponding with the others, we were bound to conclude the tracks were old, as our black

and bow-and-arrowed guide assured us they were. We had to trust to him, for the only eye-witness was the golden-rayed cotton flower, whose dark brown orbs had been trampled under foot by the huge beast in his passage. The country here was more open. When Captain Holford and Captain Edwards got up to an elephant yesterday they were completely hung up in cereal reed, and had they got a shot and failed to drop the elephant they would have been in great danger. Just as it is almost useless to fire at a greater distance than twenty, so again is it most dangerous to fire at a less distance than eight yards, for the elephant generally falls to the shot and may very well crush his enemy to death in his fall. They are not naturally cruel beasts, but one near our camp sometime back took to killing wayfarers, for the sake, it is supposed, of the loads of coarse sugar which they often carry.

In the afternoon our small party here divided, one section going in search of bison some five miles off, while I lay in wait near a thicket of young reeds off which an elephant was said to make his daily meal. He went elsewhere, however, that day, and though the others came on bison they did not get a shot, but only heard a snort and a stampede through the long grass, and saw their tracks when they got up to the place where they had been. After dinner we had a long talk with two hill-men who sat on the floor and smoked cigars the while, occasionally taking nips of whiskey, beloved of stalkers in every clime.

Kheddah operations are not carried on here as in Mysore and Assam, but any one may dig an elephant-pit, provided he reports a capture immediately it takes place to the Maharajah's authorities, when he has nothing more to say to it after receiving the prescribed reward, which he gets provided only that the animal is uninjured. The pit is so dug that the elephant's forelegs hang down in it, while his forehead is pressed up against its wall before him. Tame elephants are then

brought up, who speak to him and try to make him feel at home in this uncomfortable position, and gradually the pit is filled up till his forelegs are supported and he walks out between his tame companions, who chastise him if he gives trouble. His hind legs are hobbled and to the hobbles are tied ropes, which again are fastened around trees, so at every rush he makes he is pulled up with a painful jerk. Finally he is led off to a strong house built of the teak of his native forest, where he is pelted and punished, till at last he becomes fit for use as a timber carrier, road-maker, and beast of burden, and, if docile and well favoured, he may live to carry a silver howdah and swell the triumphal or religious processions of the Maharajah of Travancore. The mouths of elephant-pits are of course carefully hidden with boughs, earth, and leaves, and they are never placed on a path or track where the huge beast may suspect a trap. Given a tree near a path against which an elephant will probably stop to rub his body, and there, where in the ecstasy of friction he may for a moment be off his guard, yawns before him the destructive pit. It is however young ones only that are generally caught.

On the last day of the second camp, Captain Edwards and I went out after bison, and Captain Harvey after elephant. We got on the track of forest oxen, as the people here call them, and followed it through a dense undergrowth of forest, when only an occasional shaft of sunlight penetrated. We walked upon moss and damp heaps of leaves and mould, trampled upon ferns and caladiums, were hung up in elephant-reed and bamboo, and frequently held by thorns. After a couple of miles of this, we came out into tall two-edged lemon grass, which cuts and rasps the skin of hand and face like knife and file combined. Here we lost the trail, and our tracker who carried the knife went off on a cast and soon came back to say he had heard the bison in the long grass. We followed this time the

bow-and-arrow-armed tracker and finding wet leaves, where a beast had brushed the reeds on the other side of a little jungle stream, we knew we were near, and immediately afterwards had the disappointment to hear a loud snort and a heavy stampede and to know we had lost the bison we had never seen. The grass was over six feet high and we were on them before we knew it. The trackers were not so keen as they might have been and several times lost the trail. The one with the knife would sometimes use his weapon to clear the road, sometimes like a diviner's rod to point out the way, and sometimes strigil-fashion to scrape thick thorns and profuse perspiration from his back.

However it went far to compensate us for our disappointment to see on returning to camp the tusks and feet of an elephant Captain Harvey had shot. He had followed a track for some distance till he heard his elephant pulling down the branches of trees, when he went on alone with his gun-bearer and getting within twenty yards waited the course of events. Soon a black monkey in a neighbouring tree gave the alarm, whereon the elephant moved backwards with his trunk in the air, giving Captain Harvey the opportunity he wanted, and the next moment the big beast was dead. All this is not nearly so simple as it sounds, but a thing that is well done always seems to be easily done. Soon better news still came down from the upper camp, that the Prince had shot a big bull bison. The conversation at dinner naturally took an exclusively sporting turn. I knew that the bone in a tiger's shoulder was a potent charm, and that, unless you mount guard over his carcase, his head will certainly lack whiskers when you have it set up, but I was surprised to learn that a regulation of the Travancore state, now of course obsolete, prescribed that when a tiger was shot his tongue should be taken for destruction to the nearest magistrate,

being too potent a poison to be left at large.

Next day was Sunday, and we started to spend a quiet day at the first of our camps, where the Prince and his companions from the hill top were to join us. They arrived at 2 o'clock, and then we learnt what had happened to them up above. When they first got on their ground prospects looked bad, for a tiger had killed a small cow bison and frightened away the others. On the morning of the second day, however, the Prince, with Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley, found the track of a bison, and after following it for about a mile came on a huge solitary bull. His Royal Highness dropped him, as he had his stag, with a well directed ball in the shoulder, and hit him again with his second barrel as he fell. He never rose again, but to finish him a couple more shots were fired. He proved to be a grand beast, standing nineteen hands from wither to forefoot and possessing horns measuring thirty-five inches.

On Sunday afternoon we went to a temple in the forest, a solitary fane surrounded by an elephant-trench and situated in thick jungle on the banks of a river. The carp near the temple are sacred to the god, and are fed daily with boiled rice by his worshippers. Many thousands congregate in shallow pools alongside the rocky margin of the stream, and fight and struggle when rice is thrown in, leaping on one another's backs and on to the rock in the effort each to get more rice than the other. They are dark green in colour, with a red scale about the eye and wide yawning mouths. I had never seen fish fighting in a dense crowd, and think this even a more remarkable sight than the daily consignment of fish from Canton to Hong Kong, where you see a glittering stream of scaly, squirming fish life issuing from the side of the steamer and falling into water-tanks in boats below. No one molests these fish. It is said that if a man kills

one a tiger kills him, though there is a saving clause to the effect that this doom may be averted by the deposit of a fish of pure gold of equal weight in the temple. Some worshippers there assured me the fishes were the god's children. You cross the river here in a dug-out worked by a paddle like a garden spade, and holding on to a single rattan which goes across the stream and back. The dug-out is very crank, and the stream deep and dangerous. It swayed ominously as we crossed, and two fat and pious Brahmans a few days ago were upset out of it into the pool below the overhanging reeds. The rope of rattan is three hundred feet long, but single strands of six hundred feet are found in the forest. The temple is like others on the Malabar coast, built of wood with high gables and deep eaves and verandahs, suggestive of the abundance everywhere of valuable timber.

On Monday morning we beat three patches of jungle. It was pleasant, before the yells and shrieks of the beaters disturbed the still calm of morning in a tropical forest, to hear the jungle fowl calling, the monkeys booming, and the innumerable twitters and chirps of birds and insects; but we got no shooting, and the Prince, thinking that a bird in the hand was worth much big game that refused to leave the bush, went off to a snipe ground where he had shot before and took me with him. A road, flanked by a bridge on either side, ran between two rice fields, through which beaters walked barefoot up to their ankles in mud and water. As the birds rose they generally flew across the road, and in three quarters of an hour eight couple were put together, six of them falling to the Prince's gun. The birds were hard to hit, dodging in and out of the thick high hedge like woodcock, and sailing down wind with the velocity of a driven grouse and only a fraction of its vulnerable area.

Then we all met again, had breakfast for the last time in the charming

camp, and marched back to Tinnevely, whence we took train to Madras, where the Prince was to spend a few more days with Lord Connemara before leaving for Burmah, great preparations having been made by all to give his Royal Highness a hearty and loyal welcome. On the way, however, a halt was made at Trichinopoly, from the top of the rock fortress and temple of which town a lovely view is obtained of the surrounding country. On both banks of the sacred Cauvery spread, as far as the eye can reach, fields of green rice and groves of palm and plantain trees, while blue hills melt into the horizon on every side. Just below the rock the many towers of Srivangam, a town of temples, rise from the forest of cocoanuts that covers the holy island formed by the confluence of Coleroon and Cauvery. By an odd coincidence Prince Albert Victor visited Trichinopoly on the anniversary of the Prince of Wales's visit in 1875.

It is hardly possible to leave this most interesting and beautiful country, where every prospect pleases, and man too is prosperous and happy, without wondering if it be one of those misgoverned native states of whose parlous condition we have heard and read somewhat in English papers and periodicals of late. Surely Sir Lepel Griffin can hardly have included the land of peace, plenty, and charity in his wholesale condemnation. We will not believe he did, especially as he knew not Travancore. The truth is that perhaps never has prosperity gone hand in hand with conservatism as it has here. The manners, customs, dress, habits, and life of the people are probably much what they were when ships from Tyre and Tarshish called for purple and for peacocks, and gold was exported for the adornment of Solomon's temple. The bulk of the people are the strictest of Hindus; caste lines are rigidly observed and succession runs through females not males; men and women marry without binding themselves by oaths and

penalties not to yield to a desire to part, which is at once anticipated and deprecated by such engagements; in spite of this the marriage-tie is as well observed as elsewhere, and the fabric of society as well maintained. In the midst of this ancient Hindu world exist large Christian communities, some dating from the days of St. Thomas, some disciples of the Pope of Rome, others of the Patriarchs of Antioch and Babylon, while in the neighbouring and kindred state of Cochin is a colony of white Jews who pretend to have settled there when Titus destroyed their temple. Perfect religious toleration has for ages characterized, and does now characterize the policy of the kings of Travancore and Cochin, themselves in some sense the religious heads of a Hindu theocracy, in every sense the social heads of the most Hindu of Hindu communities.

On this favoured coast the sun ever shines except when rain falls, the rain in its appointed seasons never fails, and the clouds return not after rain. Consequently crops never wither, and naturally the inhabitants are strong and well fed, while the women of the upper classes are surprisingly good looking and in many cases even beautiful.

The government of these two native states is racy of the soil throughout.

In Hyderabad the Mussulman lieutenant of the Great Mogul was converted by ourselves into an hereditary ruler of Hindu subjects, but here we have indigenious houses ruling over people who for ages have been independent and subject to no foreign rule.

In the last fifty years the revenue of Travancore has increased from £380,000 to £775,000, and its expenditure from £425,000 to £700,000, the larger revenue being due not to taxation, but to improved trade and agriculture and prevention of smuggling. In 1886 the Government of Madras congratulated the last Maharajah on the prosperity of the state; in 1887 the same Government recorded its opinion that the present minister's report generally indicated the wish of the administration to promote the happiness and material welfare of the people. In 1888 Lord Connemara travelled through the country and carefully enquired for himself into its condition, with the result that his government congratulated his Highness the Maharajah and his minister on a prosperous and successful year, and said no fear for the continued prosperity of the state need be entertained so long as its ruler and his minister were, as was shewn by their wise and enlightened administration, heartily anxious for the public weal.

J. D. REES.

